In This Issue

VOLUME 153 October 16, 1929 NUMBER 7

Looking Forward 243

Frontispiece: J. Ramsay MacDonald—a drawing by Edwin Earle 244

Articles

Die-Hard for Peace: A Portrait of Ramsay MacDonald . . 245
By A. G. GARDINER

Lunatics of the Air . . . 248
Moral Aspects of Aviation
By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

All's Not Quiet on the Junker Front 251
By T. R. YBARRA

Poor-White Capitalists . . . 252
By DON WHARTON

St. Mihiel and the Argonne . 262
A Hospital Unit on the Western Front
By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

Bonds and New Issues . . . 266
By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The Trend of Events

Freedom of the Seas . . . 254
Laborites in Conference . . . 254
In North Carolina 254
Stooping to Conquer . . . 255
Quincy Comes Through . . . 255
Shearer on the Stand . . . 256
Resolution 256
Borger 257
The Radburn Way 257
Rocketing Around 257
News of Prohibition . . . 258
Wisecracks 258
Ol' Man River 259
Remarkable Remarks . . . 259
As to Women 259
In Brief 259
Back Stage in Washington . 260

Editorial

What Do Liberals Want? . . 261
By JOHN DEWEY

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 268
Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
Reviews by THE EDITOR AND MARY SHIRLEY

Behind the Blurbs . . . 270
By WALTER R. BROOKS

Religion's Voice 271
As Heard in Recent Books
By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

The Theatre 272
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Movies 273
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 274
By W. R. BROOKS

From the Life 275
By IBBY HALL

Sport and the Radio . . . 276
By JOHN R. TUNIS

With Our Readers 242

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Looking Forward

IN A CURRENT Broadway play, an American publisher is depicted endeavoring to induce a psychologist from Vienna to contribute to the pages of his magazine; an endeavor which seems doomed to failure because the psychologist considers that the genuine realities with which he deals will appear hopelessly out of place amid what he calls the "paper flowers" which fill the pages of the publisher's journal.

REALISM IT SEEMS is not allowed in the popular magazine. The truth is absent. So far, this is the only charge which has not been hurled against us within the past two years. And for good reason. For the Outlook and Independent believes in dealing plainly with the realities of life; neither selecting them to fit some mold or twisting them to prove some theory.

UNLIKE SOME JOURNALS, this journal is not out to prove any man's theory of life or politics; nor yet is it content to be a kind of weekly soporific. It wishes to contribute to an intelligent, liberal America, where ideas can be expressed and examined; where the only man suppressed is the man who would suppress others; where every man is sympathetic with the other's problems but solves his own life before he tries to convert others to his way of thinking; where the greatest liberty consistent with the safety of all is granted to the individual.

IN FACT, WE BELIEVE the modern psychiatrist has a better understanding of human nature than had the Fundamentalist missionary. Generally speaking, to force another to your way by argument or duress is to do him an injury.

IS THEN THE DIVERSITY of opinion which results necessarily mere disintegration? We think not. It has been truly said that this is an age of individualism which is abandoning formal creeds and explanations in favor of personal inquiry. The variety of opinion contained in the articles in this journal are presented in an effort to aid this inquiry.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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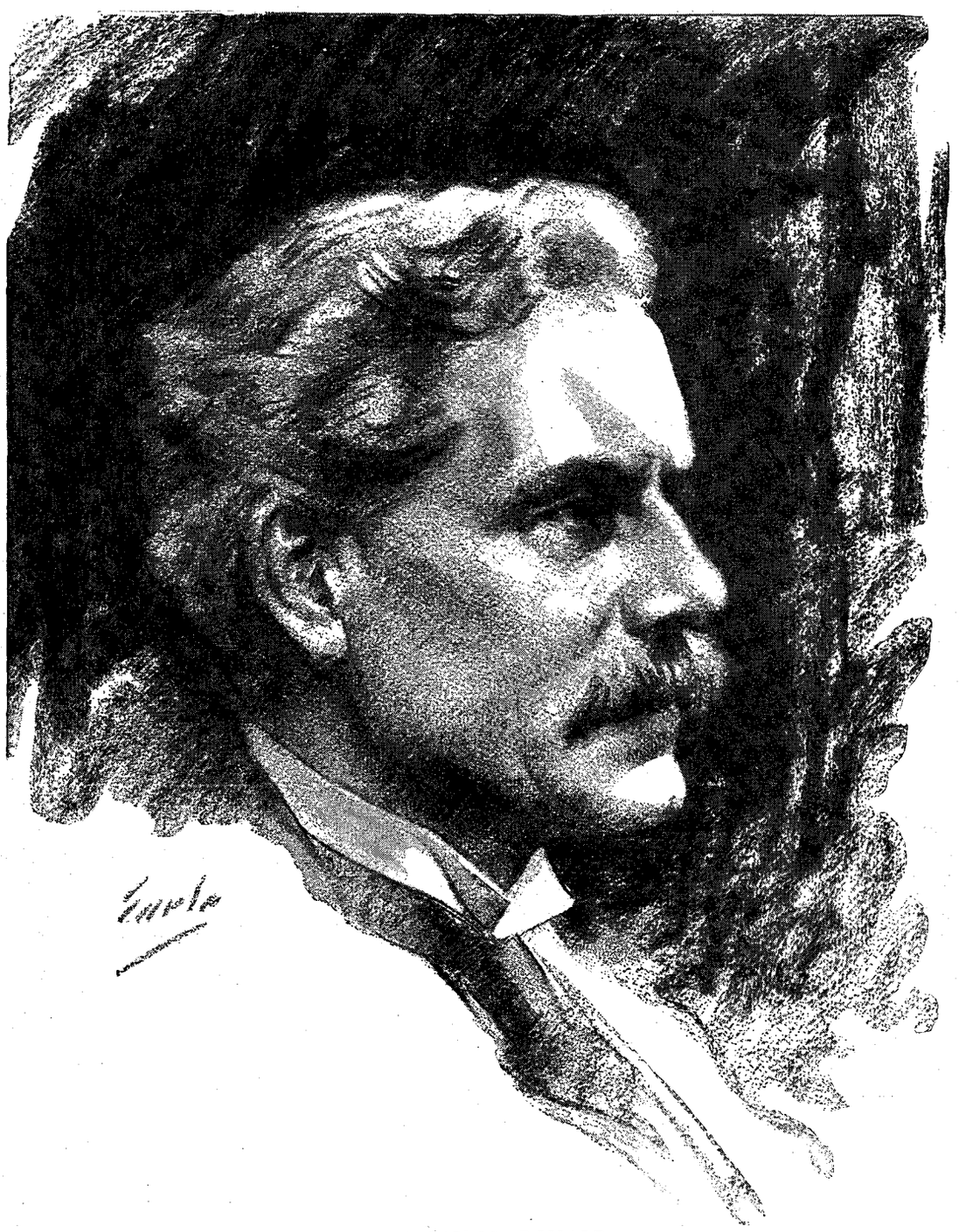

J. RAMSAY MacDONALD
A drawing by Edwin Earle

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Outlook

and Independent

October 16, 1929

Die-Hard for Peace

A Portrait of Ramsay MacDonald

By A. G. GARDINER

Ten years ago, Ramsay MacDonald was anathema in Great Britain. He had refused to bow to the clamor for war. He would not desert the small minority which held out for peace. Miraculously, he has since reestablished himself in public confidence, and he now comes to America with the united good-will of his countrymen. Mr. Gardiner, an Englishman, here analyzes the reasons for the astonishing change. He is former editor of "The Daily News," and the author of many books. The latest was published in the United States under the title, "Portraits and Portents"

IT IS an old saying that the Devil is most dangerous when he is facing defeat. In this case the Devil must be now particularly dangerous. For of all achievements possible to men what can defeat and mortify the Devil if an Anglo-American agreement does not do so?

Among the nations of the world these two, in the connection in which we are considering them, stand up like dominating peaks. Either of them if forced to do so could cut a figure contra mundum. In combination their strength is as the strength of ten. And in combination for a good purpose with many of the nations of the world on their side their power is again many times multiplied. What earthly force can frustrate or limit such a combination; what power of Darkness, what Gates of Hell, stand against it?

The dream that England and America in firm and enduring friendship would lead mankind towards the immeasurable possibilities of Peace has warmed the imaginations of generous citizens of both countries for a hundred years. Will the dream come true? We shall hold our breaths in Great Britain when in a few days the accredited leaders of the two Peoples meet in their fateful conference. If they do not agree completely we shall not be cast down because the meeting of President and Prime Minister is itself an event in human affairs and there will be other meetings. And if, as we dare to hope and believe, they do agree completely, we shall throw up our hats and expect the earth to rock at this sign that the Devil is confounded and overthrown; that he has lost his cunning and is impotent and has thrown up the sponge: that perhaps (wild thought!) the Devil is dead. It is fitting that MacDonald should be the spokesman of Great Britain in these momentous parleyings, for he is devoted to peace and cherishes a lively affection for America. It is fitting, but nevertheless it is wonderful and strange.

A friend who was a Labor Candidate for Parliament in a rural district at the "Khaki" Election in 1918 ascribed his defeat to his answers to two questions which he encountered at every meeting. He was asked firstly whether he intended to support Mr. Lloyd George in the new Parliament and his answer to this question was an emphatic "No." He was asked secondly if he intended to work with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the new Parliament and his answer to this question was an equally emphatic "Yes." Some of his meetings did not survive the first of these answers: hardly any survived the second. The story indicates well enough the profound unpopularity into which Mr. MacDonald had fallen at the end of the Great War. As a climax to greater repudiations he was considered unfit to be a member of the Lossiemouth Golf Club and was duly banished by that now very shamefaced and repentant body! After looking on that picture look on this. Within five years MacDonald had become Prime Minister. Today he is Prime Minister again with a much better title than before and with a popularity which is mounting as rapidly as that of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin is falling away. Today he is a national hero, cheered on the films, warmly supported in the press and in the case of an early general election assured, by general admission, of a substantial majority over all other parties combined.

What is the explanation of this astonishing *bouleversement?* Democracies are of course fickle. In Great Britain as elsewhere they burn what they have worshipped and worship what they have burned. When all reasonable allowance has been made for public instability the change in Mr. MacDonald's fortune since his shattering defeat in 1918 is remarkable. To some extent the explanation is to be found in the political drift of the period. The Labor Party is a new Party. Socialism is a word of infinite potency. It is an Earthly Paradise, a Promised Land, a Casement opening on Magic Seas. It is in short Abracadabra, in which all burdens will be

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lightened and all sorrows healed. To some extent the explanation is in the mistakes of Mr. MacDonald's political rivals. Drunk with power in 1918 Mr. Lloyd George disrupted the Liberal Party. Though sober enough today he cannot with all his wiles undo, but only deplore, his short-sightedness and folly. Mr. Baldwin, incorrigibly amiable and honest but uninspired, has never learned the arts of public life or the alphabet of political leadership. His career is a litany of blunders. He flung away a great majority in 1923 and through the luckiest chance that ever influenced the result of an election he obtained a much greater one a few months afterwards. This, also, his unenlightened leadership condemned to defeat. For nearly five years his dull colleagues mishandled all the outstanding questions both of foreign and domestic policy. At the recent election the concern of the country was less to put a new Government in than to put an old Government out. To many who were not his followers the risk that Mr. MacDonald would make a mess of it at home was more than balanced by the certainty that Sir Austen Chamberlain had made a mess of it abroad. All these reasons are part of the explanation of Mr. MacDonald's re-emergence in British public life. They are, however, only part of the explanation. The other part, as we shall see in a short resumé of his career, is Mr. MacDonald himself.

Born at Lossiemouth in October, 1866, Mr. MacDonald grew up in poverty "in a two roomed cottage with a thatched roof." He had a bent towards study which in a Scotch village was encouraged. He absorbed knowledge greedily, became a school teacher and at the age of eighteen sought an ampler sphere in London. London gave him hard work and a pittance insufficient to meet the physical needs of a young man, and the expenditure on evening classes and midnight oil that was the young man's only indulgence. Since classes and midnight oil were indispensable, physical needs were cut down. MacDonald knew real hunger in these bleak and austere days. His main interest was in science, particularly geology. Illness brought on by privation interfered with his ambition to obtain a science mastership and accident threw him into the way of journalism and politics. At the suggestion of politics the heather took fire. MacDonald loomed in the Fabian Society but his ardor was not used up in that sequestered company. The Independent Labor Party which had been founded by Mr. Keir Hardie was better. That Party had no dilettanti. Its members and followers were working men. Its meetings were at the street corners and in halls and spaces where a mighty voice and an arresting presence could have scope. They stirred the blood of MacDonald, who roared his evangel in all the cities of Great Britain.

The response to his prodigious outflow of energy was, however, disappointing. The new gospel was too theoretic for the British working man, of whom it has been said that he is "as revolutionary as a plum pudding" and only theoretical in that he is willing to follow his nose. MacDonald, himself a theorist, was quick to see that the appeal of socialism would fail unless he could offer it to the workman in human terms and as a means of ameliorating and enlarging his lot.

An opportunity to do this came with the famous Taff Vale judgment, the effect of which was to paralyze the activities of the Labor unions, as these activities in Great Britain are normally carried on. Indifferent to socialism up to the time of this upsetting judgment, the leaders of the unions were now easily persuaded that the law courts were part of the agency by which the capitalists maintained the slavery and subordination of the wage earner, and they entered willingly into the Labor Representation Committee of which Ramsay MacDonald, one of its founders, had become Secretary. The object of the Committee, to establish a separate political party relying upon the support of the Socialist societies and the Labor unions, was rapidly accomplished.

At the General Election of 1906 twenty-seven Labor candidates were returned to the House of Commons and, under the leadership of Keir Hardie and Ramsay MacDonald, formed the Labor Parliamentary Party, which growing slowly before the War and after the War growing rapidly, is now responsible for the government of Great Britain.

With the successful establishment of the Labor Party, MacDonald became prominent and famous. His marriage in 1896 in his Fabian days to Miss Margaret Gladstone had lifted him out of poverty. Life was now as he would desire it to be. He was performing on a great stage with the world as his audience. His oratory, always telling and often thrilling, was steadily affecting the cities. He was experiencing the joy of hard work, of battle and achievement, the joy of travel and of the radiant companionship of his wife Children came in rapid succession. There were five of them when in 1911 the death of Mrs. MacDonald destroyed for the time being the happiness of a husband who was devoted to her and to whom in turn she was entirely devoted. The story of the married life of the MacDonalds is in every way flawless. The beauty of it peep out from Mr. MacDonald's own narrative of the life of his wife and in innumerable stories of friends. She was clever and kind and selfless. She had a deep religious faith and complete freedom from cant or affectation. She had a rogueish sense of fun and playfulness. She was a wise counsellor and a perfect companion and friend. Is it any wonder that her husband was shaken to his foundations by her death and that for a time his star fell rather than mounted in the Heavens?

During the same period the Labor Party was itself checked. The reason for its arrest was an obvious one. Mr. Asquith's government was full of brilliant men. Mr. Lloyd George had spread before the country wares which, especially in his description of them, were seductive and precious. The Liberals, moreover, held the initiative and decided the issues of party conflict. Struggles over land taxation and the powers of the Second Chamber led up to the greatest struggle of all—the bitter and interminable struggle over Ireland in which, even more than in the other struggles, the Labor Party had no option but to dance to Mr. Asquith's piping. These controversies had done much to lessen, at least in appearance, the gap between the Liberal and Labor Parties, and it was said that at one time, perhaps in desperation, Mr. MacDonald was planning with Mr. Lloyd George a new grouping of Labor and Radical forces in Parliament.

The pistol shot at Sarajevo swept all schemes and controversies into the background. With war rushing upon the nation Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues had to adjust themselves swiftly to a new and for them particu-

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larly terrifying issue of which a few weeks before none of them had dreamed. The first and natural reaction of the Labor Party to the War was, of course, one of opposition. The European Socialist parties had been in close association for many years and they had outlined plans on which in time of crisis they were pledged to work together. For MacDonald's early and strenuous opposition there was, however, a special reason. A group of Liberal Ministers who were endeavouring to maintain British neutrality had appealed for the assistance of the Labor Party and MacDonald and Hardie responded to the appeal as they were bound to do. Relying upon the steadfastness of this group in the Government, MacDonald threw himself vigorously into an effort to swing public opinion to their side and before the declaration of war committed himself to an extreme position.

When the direful decision was taken only Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns were obdurate. Morley told MacDonald that the Cabinet had decided to fight and that accordingly he was tendering his resignation. MacDonald said that he would continue his opposition. Morley, remembering "battles long ago" and the effect of them on public temper, warned MacDonald of the storm of which he would become the center. "Do not be rash," he said. "You are still young and you will have work to do. Don't destroy yourself."

MacDonald repeated that his mind was made up. Deserted by his allies in the Cabinet he was further confounded by events in Germany. "*My* Socialists," boasted the Kaiser gleefully, as Socialist leaders committed to resistance to war now joined in efforts to remove any opposition to it. Hardest to bear was the rejection of his policy by his own party. He resigned his leadership and, almost unbefriended, attuned himself to the storm foretold by Lord Morley. The storm was now blowing fiercely, but though discouraged MacDonald was not daunted. Indeed he was reckless and indiscreet. He made unbridled attacks on Sir Edward Grey for which, whatever the justification of them, the time was past. Perhaps it was to a continuance of indiscretion as well as to a lack of clarity that his peculiar odium during the War is to be attributed. From the beginning to the end Snowden's opposition was as definite as MacDonald's and found frequently implacable and uncompromising expression. It excited, however, little resentment.

But with all his eloquence, MacDonald is rarely clear. From time to time without wavering he seemed to waver, he seemed to blow hot and cold and to contradict one day an utterance of the day before. Thus even his friends were puzzled and impelled to break with him or to lose faith. It is due to him to say that his detestation of the War did not really abate and that, if one allows enough for the constitution of a mind to which every situation is complex and many sided, he was consistent enough.

At last he was held in such public opprobrium that he ran considerable danger, in the face of which he behaved with abundant courage. His outlawry came to a climax when he accepted an invitation to meet the socialists of enemy countries at Stockholm in an effort to outline the conditions of a peace or at least a truce. The action completely demonstrated that he had made no concession to his opponents or to the demand for the total defeat of Germany which at an early stage had taken possession of the country. It was the last straw. When the crew of the vessel on which he was to sail to Stockholm refused at the instruction of the Anti-German zealot, then the head of the Seamen's Union, to allow him to come aboard, a howl of derision went up from his innumerable foes. At this stage MacDonald's proscription was complete. He was an exile, a scapegoat, an object of venomous ribaldry. His place in the public life of the country seemed to be completely lost. He was anathema!

Keystone

Ramsay MacDonald with his son Malcolm and daughter Ishbel

What happened in a few years to restore this banished man to favor; to Parliament; to the leadership of his party? What magic lifted him suddenly from political odium and exile to the seat that Walpole, Pitt, Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury had filled and a thousand illustrous men had aspired to fill? War fever cooled rapidly in England. Men rubbed their eyes and no longer saw phantoms or believed that the War had been a struggle of God and Devil. Disillusion bred bitterness for which also there was more precise justification. The soldiers had expected much *"après la guerre fini,"* as the song said, but they got little. Some of them were reinstated in their old dull jobs, others could not obtain reinstatement. They damned the Government in a common malediction. The Government had promised or had seemed to promise ampler wages, better habitations, an ennoblement of working class life. Where were these boons? Echo answered "Where?"

But criticism of the Government, though injurious to Mr. Lloyd George and his co-leaders and helpful to the opposition, would not itself have lifted Mr. MacDonald from the dust. He was lifted by the growing realization that he had been misjudged and misprized and that in a time of fatigue and loss of faith his energy and belief were still unexpended. His conduct during the War was looked at more fairly than had been possible when food ships were being torpedoed in half-dozens and, in Mr. Winston Churchill's terrible sentence "ten thousand British boys re-

(Please Turn to Page 278)

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Lunatics of the Air

Moral Aspects of Aviation

By CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

Some weeks ago we published an article, "America on Wheels," which set forth in gloomy detail the horrors of the motor age. Do new, and worse, disturbances lie in the air age which now dawns? What effect will the airplane have on irresponsible humans? Mr. Murphy is not optimistic. He writes, if in prophecy, with authority. As a newspaper man he flew to the rescue of the "Bremen" fliers two years ago. He is the author of a biography of Commander Richard Byrd, and of numerous articles on aviation

MORE THAN thirty years ago the minister of a fastidious New York Church solemnly warned his congregation, in a Sabbath sermon of more than passing interest and pertinency, that "you can't serve God and ride a bicycle." He saw the handwriting on the wall. On rollicking wheels and churning pedals, he saw the country going to the dogs.

There can be no doubt that the advent of the bicycle materially hastened the liberation of America from stuffy Victorianism. Its influence was great, if its range was short. Travel makes for tolerance, and in its day the bicycle was a powerful force for liberalism. The automobile speedily replaced the bicycle. On rubber-shod wheels, behind a multi-cylindered motor, with the power of two score horses or more to command at the simple turn of the switch, we began a new and thrilling epoch. It is not necessary to set forth the multiplicity of changes that the automobile has wrought; social, economic and moral. What does concern us, however, is the fact that another clamorous force is hammering at the gateway of the Gasoline Era—perhaps the most important force of them all—the airplane. What will its peculiar and significant contributions to an impending America be?

With its good, the automobile brought evil. For the joy and freedom of travel, the enriched living and experience it gave, we have had to make essential and indubitably important sacrifices.

From the freedom of travel we must subtract the manifold restrictions imposed by the thousands of new laws the automobile has impelled into the statute books. From the joy of travel we must subtract the terrific honking and racket it has conjured up, the irritating cluttering up of city streets and highways. From the enriched living and experience we must subtract the new risks to normal life, the thousands of persons annually killed, and the fact it has proved an excellent accessory for crime.

If the slower moving automobile brought these things we may well pause to contemplate what the airplane holds in store for us—this astonishing vehicle of wing and motor which, at the moment, is the gorgeous symbol of the emancipation of man-made flight. Over it the sentimentalists and romanticists grow lyrical, but in the near future the airplane must compel a drastic re-ordering of travel routine. What will happen when the lunatics who now drive cars—the speed-maniacs, the drunkards, the road-hogs, the hit-and-run drivers—take to the air?

Human beings, a conscienceless and erratic lot, have now a vehicle which can hedge-hop meridians as easily as an automobile used to lope past the suburbs. They command a machine which gives them a new and dangerous mastery over nature. Their egos will expand still further.

THE AIRPLANE, even now, gives indication of what the future holds. On any Monday your newspaper will provide you with a recapitulation of week-end accidents in aviation. . . . Six die in air crashes . . . . Pilot flies into mountain, narrowly escaping crowded bus . . . . Unlicensed plane kills four . . . . Boy pilot killed when plane spins . . . . and so on. Such reports have become as regular a factor in the day's news as the weather forecast; or the Sunday motor death list.

Let me state at the outset that I am not concerned with the statistical relationship of these accidents as compared with those of railroads, steamers, automobiles, Chicago banditry and tuberculosis. And I am thoroughly aware of the fact, which I attempted to establish in a previous article in The Outlook, that the aviation industry is doing all it can to reduce such accidents. I simply call attention to them here as a manifestation of the new problems engendered by our newest form of mass transportation. If we have such risks now, when only a few thousand people fly as a regular thing, what will they be when the skies begin to swarm with aircraft (if—and when—they do) and the air becomes the Lincoln Highway and the Post Road of tomorrow?

Indeed, we have already begun to make our sacrifices for aviation's excellent contributions, and life in this crowded age is still more trying.

The noise of the airplane is becoming a disturbing note in this nation of raucous noises. Mail planes, flying low, are nightly awakening fretful children in Suburbia. On the shore, where I spend my weekends, seaplanes and circling land planes have driven out all the peace and quiet the place used to have. Occasionally an interstate passenger plane throbs noisily overhead, but its deeper note is no more than a phrase in the greater, penetrating dissonance of pleasure craft.

Laws forbidding flying below a given altitude over certain areas have already been written into the law books of the more forward looking cities, but pilots are prone to overlook them. With irritating abandon, they stunt and dive over passing sail boats, and over country estates and over parks. Not yet are the airways policed like the highways and, besides, the pilot is yet something of a demi-god, to be pleasantly chided, rather than punished, for his recklessness. It is a dangerous and useless business.

In Garden City, home of the great Roosevelt and Curtiss flying fields, this business of flight has brought new nuisances. Members of the golf course are up in arms, like the embattled farmers whose apple trees are plundered by wayfaring motorists. It seems that pilots prankishly glide, with throttled motors, across the putting greens and then zoom up with ear-splitting suddenness. Their games have gone to pot, their blood pressures have reached new highs, and the golfers have sworn to build fences 100 feet

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high if the aviators do not put an end to their indulgence in this silly fun.

There is another nuisance. Lighted cigarettes and cigars dropped from passing airplanes have started so many fires that the Department of Agriculture has announced it will ask Congress to pass a law forbidding such carelessness. This is reminiscent of the automobile tourist at his worst. With a preciseness worthy of an investigation into red rust, the Department has made sure of its ground. Of six cigarettes dropped from planes, four were still burning when they dropped into the fields. And of five cigars, all were still alight when recovered.

That lowest form of murderer—the hit-and-run driver—has already had his prototype in aviation. In the lower bay of New York, not long ago, a seaplane sliced through a motor boat, killing a man aboard, and flew away into the fog. On the strength of the fact that the pontoon of his boat was dented, possibly in a collision, a pilot has been arrested, charged with homicide and is now awaiting trial. But he has insisted that he was not the offender.

And just the day before, another seaplane, sweeping out of fog with dry fuel tanks, shot into the crowded surf at Coney Island, killing two persons and injuring half a dozen more. This pilot, too, was arrested. But for what? Was it his carelessness or was it an act of God? It must have been difficult to determine; at any rate, he was exonerated by the court.

Regardless of where the responsibility rests, the fact remains that the Gasoline Era has introduced a new and, at times, terrifying unexpected risk into the normal routine of life.

These imponderables in aviation have already begun to engross the lawmakers, and we may expect, very shortly, a new mass of laws upon our already overburdened law books. Certainly there is need for control. The question is: from what source shall that control emanate, and by what policing body shall it have to be applied?

Here there arises a curious situation. I doubt if there is any single industry in the country as jealous of its newfound influence as the aviation industry. It has thus far shown a remarkable agreeableness to co-operate with the public in most things: but its underlying attitude toward external control is plainly—hands off. It maintains that it is best capable of bringing order into its own house.

Perhaps it is right. No one is certain. Not even the Department of Commerce, which has made excellent progress in spite of its diplomatic inclination to favor every one, has undertaken a single important step without first finding out whether or not the leaders of the industry were wholly in favor of it.

You see, this business of flight, with hundreds of millions of dollars invested in it, with the country's military security largely resting upon it, is still able arrogantly to argue that any drastic legislation would smother its expansion. It is still able to block legislation that might in any way connote danger and risk in flight—that would, or might, injure its business.

For instance, at the recent conference of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce at Kansas City, the representatives of the country's leading air lines almost unanimously rejected a suggestion that Congress be asked to pass a law placing commercial lines under government control. Quite as thoroughly did they overthrow a proposal that the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body, be put into a position to regulate air traffic rates.

Ewing Galloway

THE MOTOR AGE

Auto traffic at Ocean Beach, California

In Congress, a bill was presented asking for a governmental investigation into the crash of the Trans-Continental Air Transport tri-motored plane in New Mexico, in which eight were killed. At once the lobby made known its opposition. The industry was well able to investigate thoroughly for itself. I am not so sure. However, the bill seems already doomed to an easy death, and we may rest assured that this accident—whether it was due to fate or to the break-down of human factors—is a closed chapter.

Then there is the factor of drinking. Heavens knows, the drunken driver is a sufficient curse unto civilization: but a drunken pilot, in a vehicle capable of traveling over 100 miles an hour, which cannot be landed at speed less than forty or fifty miles an hour, is a still greater curse. And since human nature shows little sign of improving overnight, we may as well expect him. Flight, therefore, will have a fearful responsibility.

Not long ago, after a particularly distressing crash, the police of a community outside New York conducted a series of raids on speakeasies located near the flying fields. A few arrests were made, the local flying officials virtuously raised their hands, and the thing was soon forgotten.

But I have seen these speakeasies crowded with flying men, and I remember one such place in particular. It was called "———'s *Airdrome*" and business was always brisk. So brisk and profitable indeed, that the proprietor finally ordered the place closed at 10 o'clock at night, so that he could enjoy his new custom car; and the "airdrome" itself was rewarded with its first coat of paint in years.

On the West Coast, whither I recently journeyed on a mission connected with aviation, I heard from several sources a ghastly story. I was unable to check it up, but the sources were trustworthy. It seems that several young lads, who owned an airplane among them, arrived at their hangar, not long after dawn, after a fairly enthusiastic all night party, and insisted upon taking the plane for a hop.

The night watchman tried to reason with them. They over-ruled him,

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climbed into the ship and flew away. Presently they appeared over a field where laborers were working. A rare sport occurred to them. They dived headlong upon the workers, and as they scattered the young men in the plane could be heard cheering. The dives grew longer—the plane came out of them nearer and nearer the earth. It was not long before the inevitable occurred. This time they rode right in. And that was the end of all of them.

I suppose I might chronicle half a dozen similar stories: but what purpose would they serve? We already know that human nature, whether it is operating an automobile or an airplane, is not fundamentally changed. A shift in altitude works no strange alchemy in morals.

Of this, however, you may be sure: regular transport lines, carrying mail, freight and passengers, are as conscientiously opposed to drinking pilots as the Anti-Saloon League could desire. They are jealous of the standard of their personnel, their records, the safety of their passengers. It is good business, good conscience.

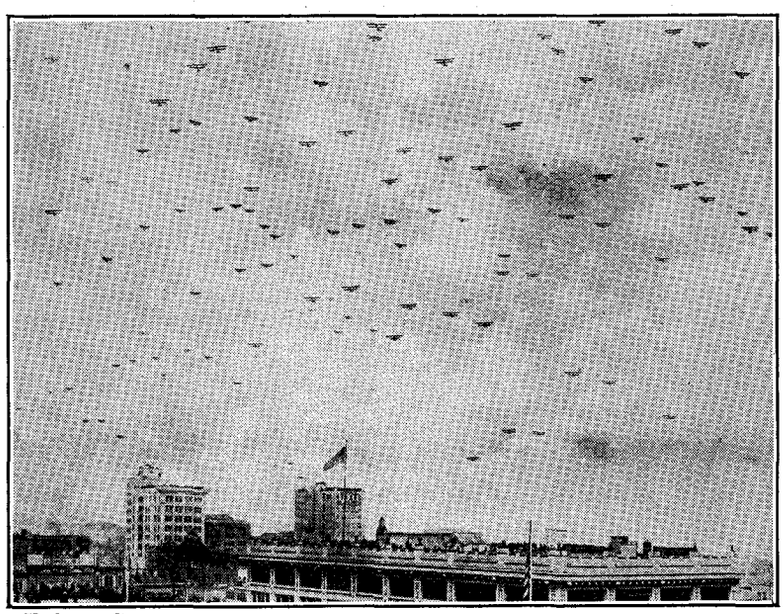
Long since the Department of Commerce has made the pilot, who flies under the influence of liquor, liable to revocation of his license and a maximum fine of $500; and a bill is now pending in New York State which will make the act a felony.

Still, laws have never outlawed drinking, and the fine old habit, I suppose, will continue to the end of time. I, for one, hope it does—under proper conditions. But I pray that there be not much of it in the air.

The parachute has brought to the fore a new moral aspect of aviation—the precedence of passenger and pilot. In time, I believe, we shall have an unwritten law of the air, even as there is an unwritten law of the sea; a rigid, shell-back code prescribing the conduct of men and officers during an emergency.

A year or so ago, a celebrated Western pilot undertook to fly an old plane for a motion picture film. It was one of these so-called "epics" of the war; and the script called for this pilot to nose the plane into a violent spin, giving the impression he had been shot down. To heighten the illusion, a mechanic was enlisted in the enterprise: he was to conceal himself in the tail and ignite smoke pots, which would throw off great clouds of smoke.

Now the plane they were to use was quite old; and it had the reputation of being excessively unstable in this form of spin. Consequently, both pilot and mechanic were equipped with parachutes, as a safeguard in case the pilot found it impossible to regain his control.



Underwood

THE SKY OF THE FUTURE?

When the air becomes the Lincoln Highway of tomorrow

What happened after the venerable crate fell into the deliberate spin is still a matter for hot debate in Western hangars. Some say that the pilot "bailed out" the moment the ship swung into the manoeuvre; never warned the mechanic. Others maintain—as did the pilot, who is—and always has been—one of the bravest in the business—that he did give warning, but that the mechanic, blinded by his smoke pots and deafened by the motor, neither saw or heard.

At any rate the pilot jumped clear and parachuted safely to earth. And while the horror-riveted cameramen watched, the mechanic remained in the ship—and as it fell crazily—indeed, up to the moment it crashed—the thickening belch of smoke from the tail was proof that he was still on the job, still setting off his silly smoke pots.

The Professional Pilots' Association, after an investigation, disbarred the pilot and perhaps for the first time codified the unwritten law of the air. In words that did not mince, it held that a pilot is responsible for the safety of his passengers; and that morally, and by virtue of his trust, he must remain with his ship until every last recourse insuring their safety has been exhausted. Such a stand is indication that aviation sometimes senses its responsibilities.

On the West Coast there is today a wealthy young man whose heart was almost broken because of a similar accident. His ship fell out of control in fog, and as it spun from 3,000 feet to 500, he desperately strove to compel his three companions, all of whom were wearing parachutes, to jump. They would not budge. Perhaps fear froze their hearts and limbs. Wild with despair, he hurled himself out. He had done all he could do to save them, and they had put his own life in jeopardy. Only the marvelously fast opening of his parachute saved him. Yet even he was under criticism for having abandoned his ship—severe, harsh criticism.

There is, on the other hand, the story of Lieutenant Sweely, who grimly stuck it out to the bitter end, rather than forsake a stupid passenger; and he must have considered himself lucky to be alive. Several years ago Sweely flew a passenger across the heavily forested section of California. Motor trouble developed, no landing place was available, and the pilot, after vainly strug gling to keep the motor going, motioned to his passenger—who wore a parachute—that they would have to go over the side. The passenger had been instructed in how to use it before.

But no. The man cowered in the cockpit and refused to move. Sweely first coaxed, then threatened the man. At last, exasperated, he straddled the cockpit and actually tried to push him out. The passenger just secured a death-hold on the cowling, and held on.

The ship then began to edge into a spin. Cursing, Sweely gave up and returned to the controls. He must have done some serious thinking. A crash

(Please Turn to Page 275)

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All's Not Quiet on the Junker Front

By T. R. YBARRA

In the Rhineland, Germany.

WITH the subject of evacuation of the Rhineland by British and French on every tongue, this part of Germany emphatically suggests to every visitor thoughts of peace instead of war. During the past eleven years the presence of thousands of poilus in horizon blue and Tommies in khaki kept very much alive the memory of the greatest conflict in history; but, these last few weeks, the reports in every newspaper to the effect that still another town has been evacuated in the Zone of Occupation, and the visible signs on all sides that evacuation is proceeding apace, serve to drive away all thoughts appertaining to war and substitute, in their place, memories of the peace that was before 1914 and imaginings of the peace that, one hopes, will last indefinitely after 1929.

This is most certainly true of the Rhineland and, in general, of Germany as a whole. The thought of war and armies and uniforms and big guns and slaughter is not a welcome one to the majority of Germans. But, in Germany as well as elsewhere in the world, there are people who froth at the mouth when war is depicted shorn of its glories, with its horrors standing forth in stark outline and glaring colors. Peace is all very well, according to their theory, but all those who paint peace too brightly and war in hues too hopelessly sombre are no better than traitors to their country. At once the cry of "Pacifist!" is raised against them—and we all know what it means to a lover of peace to get himself accused of pacifism!

Just now a bombardment of books has burst over Germany all of which depict, with uncompromising lavishness, the ugliness of war and, by inference, the beauty of peace. Of these Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* has had a success, in the author's own country and in many others, which have given it high rank in the history of best-sellers.

Against Remarque and authors sharing his views on war, dyed-in-the-wool German militarists, Junkers untamed by Germany's defeat, every sort of adherent of the old order which gloried and reveled in the Hohenzollern Era and the goose-stepping and sabre-rattling which it entailed, have worked themselves up into paroxysms of fury. Every conceivable insult, every epithet of shame has been hurled at the heads of the dreamy-eyed, half-consumptive author of *All Quiet* and the rest of the writers, who, in the eyes of the die-hards, are, at best, deluded idiots and, at worst, paid agents of foreign foes or of crafty pacifistic organizations working in dark and devious ways to discredit the glorious game of war. Finally, at the height of this rage against the pacifistic school of literature arising in Germany, the editor of a newspaper which is an organ of the old German nobility, adherents almost to a man of the old monarchistic and militaristic German régime, printed a review of one of these books—Arnold Zweig's *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*—in which the reviewer threw all caution to the winds and called the author all sorts of names including "Asiatic ragamuffin."

ZWEIG promptly brought suit for libel against the paper. The case, which aroused great interest throughout Germany, has just ended with a victory for Germany's literary champions of peace. The editor of the paper was fined. The pacifists of Germany had won a moral victory; German militarists, already soundly trounced between 1914 and 1918, had received still another slap.

But they remain as hostile as ever to Remarque, Zweig and all the rest of them. There seems no doubt, however, that the star of unadulterated militarism is—for some time at least—destined to shine with a feeble light in the land over which William Hohenzollern, in shining array and upturned moustachios, used to rule. Even in the ranks of the Junkers themselves, in the shoulder-to-shoulder phalanx of the old German army clique, there are gaps and fissures.

Soon after the close of the War, General Von Schonaich, a connection by marriage of William Hohenzollern's second wife—constrained, one would suppose, both as officer and nobleman, to unswerving support of the old régime—came out in open defiance of monarchism and militarism and equally open espousal of republicanism and pacifism. Von Schonaich is a founder and one of the most prominent leaders of the Reichsbanner, the great organization of German youth vowed to uphold the German Republic against German reactionaries. As a result of his activities, Von Schonaich's name is anathema among his fellow-nobles and fellow-soldiers. Once I went to see him at his country place in Northern Germany, in a region peopled largely by Junkers of the most pronounced type, to get a story from him for an American newspaper. Delighted to speak for readers in a republic, he spouted praise of republican forms of government, compliments to peace and denunciations of war which, coming from a German general with an excellent World War record and a "von" tacked into his name, made me gasp with surprise.

Another super-Republican, also high up in the councils of the Reichsbanner, is General Von Deimling, who can add to a fine World War record the distinction, almost unique among officers of the old German army, of having been under fire before 1914. And at least two of the writers hostile to everything savoring of monarchy and militarism have a "von" on their names—Von Unruh and Von Gerlach.

But the Junkers do not see in the conversion of these men from the old doctrines a sign of the times. They merely consider it proof of the utter depravity of the renegade "Vons." Newspaper organs of the old nobility and the old army continue to hurl insults at them and at every one sharing their views, despite what happened to that editor who libeled Arnold Zweig.

And these Junker irreconcilables are not merely voices crying in a republican wilderness. The old order is by no means dead in the land. Ultra-reactionaries would undoubtedly find enormous obstacles in the path of a restoration of the German monarchy—but a reaction away from pure republicanism and toward the old governmental form is by no means outside the possibilities of the future.

The fact that the German Republic has weathered the storms of its first ten years does not at all mean that the next ten years are necessarily to be plain sailing for it.

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Poor-White Capitalists

By DON WHARTON

The mill-workers of the Gastonia district have no faith in change. Their present status, bad as it is, is the best they have known. Thus they turn, with all the venom of lynchers, on the communists who now seek to disturb their "status quo." Mr. Wharton, who covered the Gastonia trial for the New York "Herald-Tribune," and who is a native of North Carolina, points out that the poor-white is the ally of the capitalist.

IT IS AN early September evening in Gastonia. Three labor leaders are in a bleak mill house, waiting for dark. Harsh words were hurled at them in the afternoon when the town's *Gazette* reported that the jury just discharged in Charlotte was ready to acquit the sixteen men and women "who murdered Chief Aderholt." A rumble is heard on the street. The voices become louder and clearer. Thirty or more men are calling for the labor leaders. Some have rifles and shotguns in their hands. They bang these against the rough boards of the porch. Some are cursing; they have a job to do and do not like the delay. They are textile workers and will have to be at the mill tomorrow morning. They beat on the door, push through into the half-bare rooms, seize the three men and hustle them into autos.

Three towns are searched for other organizers. They do not find them. Three counties are traversed in the mad auto dashes. They halt on the edge of a Cabarras wood. They force Ben Wells to strip. He is a "furiner," a Communist, an organizer—they beat him raw. They talk of lynching. Footsteps are heard in the deeper woods.

"The law?" whispers a whipper. They all flee to their cars. Wells is forgotten.

Four days later the National Textile Workers Union has scheduled a mass meeting in Gastonia. A truck is bringing members from Bessemer City. Another is crashed into it. Shotguns are fired. A woman striker is killed. Others are clubbed. Several days pass. An organizer speaks in a fourth county. He is dragged from his bed that night. He is rustled over the line into South Carolina, whipped, threatened with lynching, and turned loose with bullets spraying around his heels.

So comes the climax of Communism in the South. No men and women have been railroaded to the electric chair by the State. Some of the sixteen seem on their way to freedom. Others seem destined for a few years in the State penitentiary—at the most. No middle-and-upper-class revolution has saved the capitalist society. The labor leaders have been defeated by the mill workers whom they claimed to be leading to prosperity.

The little reign of terror in Mecklenburg, Gaston, Cabarras and Cleveland Counties is reminiscent of the days when the South turned upon carpet-baggers from the North who sought to organize the Negroes into Union Leagues. Today, the poor-whites of the South are fighting other carpet-baggers who promise shorter hours and more pay instead of the legended "forty acres and a mule" held up before the liberated slaves of the sixties.

Some of the raiders, of course, have not been identified. Others never will be. Apparently they are all members of the lower working class. Workingmen are held for the killing of Mrs. Ella May Wiggins. Every one of the seven men arrested for kidnaping and beating Wells is a cotton mill employe. Six of the seven worked in the Loray plant at Gastonia. One of these joined the union when it opened the April strike. The organizers liked Carl Holloway. They sent him North to raise funds for the Union. He came back, however, to lead his friends against these Communists.

"They taught us," he testified, "that there ain't no God, to do away with marriage laws, and to overthrow the Government."

What an effective leader for this counter-revolution! He had entered the inner circle. He knew the secrets of the union. They were not seeking higher wages and shorter hours but funds for their treasure box. Their doctrine was not better living conditions but no God, no marriage, no government. He had spoken with Negroes on the Union Square platform in New York. He had seen them eating with white girls in the Communist cafeteria there.

What a leader and what a class to be led: the class that has always produced the lynchings of the South; the class which hated the slave as a potential competitor; the class which turned the first Ku Klux Klan into a riotous gang; the class which rushed into the second klan when it called for 100 per cent Americans. These people have always been content with the status quo. They have ever been ready to fight against change. They picked up their squirrel rifles and defeated the British at Kings Mountain in Cleveland County—not because they had any idea of a new nation but because they didn't want to be bothered by invading armies.

Their forefathers in the lowlands helped North Carolina to muster 120,000 soldiers for the Confederate Army—more than any of the real slave states—because they thought their government was attacked. Their ancestors in the mountains refused to fight for any one because they were contented with their lot. They were not molested by Union armies. They said Woodrow Wilson was committing a crime against God when daylight-saving time was inaugurated during the World War. What man had a right to change God's sun?

They have always been ready to follow the Southern demogogues. The bloody-shirt has been their banner; nigger-nigger has been their war-cry. They have always refused to have the Negro in their unions. I remember how generous they wished to appear at a union meeting in Greensboro when three black tobacco workers were allowed to sit on the rear row and keep their mouths shut.

Their mill villages may be overrun with immorality but on the surface they have their standards. Free love may exist in fact but never in theory. Their most sacred institution is the shot-gun wedding. There is no more fundamental, Bible-loving people in the world. I lived near one mill village of about 200 workers. They had five churches. I have never been in a cotton mill house whose walls were not littered with cheap, loud-colored prints of Biblical scenes. They still worship Moses with his ten commandments.

A black-haired, young Communist from New York City was talking to

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some Gastonia workers in the early stages of the Loray strike. He read over the words of a song called *Solidarity*. He started the tune. Most of the strikers were silent; some joined in half-heartedly. A lanky Baptist preacher rose on the platform, lifted his arms with a saintly air, and started singing. The strikers instantly broke into the words of *Jesus Savior of my Soul*.

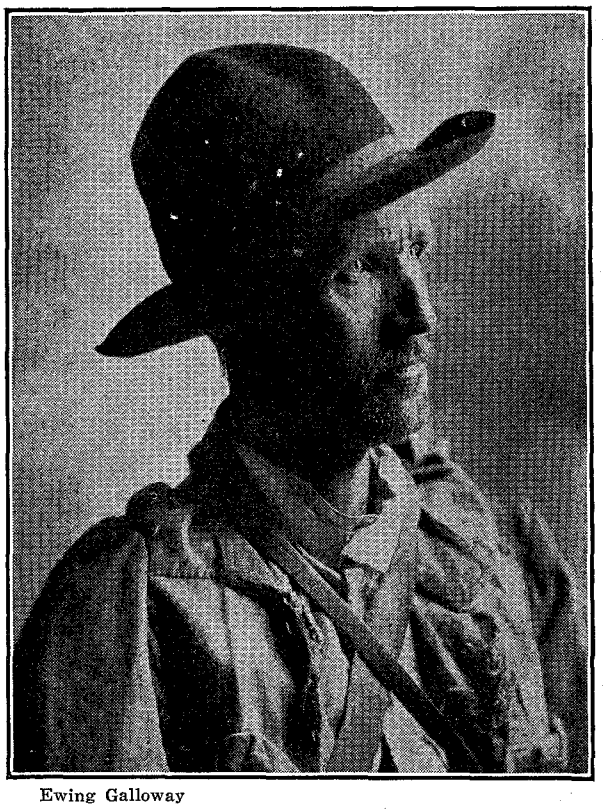
Even when the labor leaders bring promises of more pay for less work these mill people are slow to respond. There is no sudden uprising against the oppressing mill barons. There is no wild clamor for membership cards. The prophets of the new age see only the surface of the dismal mill houses; they do not know the hearts of the mill workers. They see undernourished children going to bed as the father leaves for the loom and waking as the mother trails toward the spindle. They read government statistics of low wages and long hours, but they search not into the history of these toilers.

Southern chambers of commerce have advertised them as a docile, contented class. Since 1898 they have resisted more than one attempt at unionization. To the Eastern leaders the Southern soil has always seemed fertile; it has proved rocky. The harvest has been scanty. The workers have seemed obstinate. Their obstinacy, however, has been based on a pragmatic realism. Why should they revolt from a life that is the best they have ever known? Why should they hate the mills when they are infinitely better than the farms from which they came?

The union organizers contrast the misery and drabness of the company houses with the luxury of the operators' homes. The mill workers dream of their old life on the tiny corn patches in the mountains or the rented cotton and tobacco fields of the lowlands. Their dreams are nightmares. The heat of the fields from sun-up to sundown seems worse than the shade of the factory from six to six. Night work for pay is preferable to curing tobacco for a town-dweller who is waiting to cash the check after the sale.

All the family worked on the farm. Why shouldn't we all work in the mill? We were lonely on the farm. Here we have associates at work, companions at play, movies on Saturdays, old Fords in our backyards, and money in our pockets.

Perhaps this is more a spirit of resignation than one of satisfaction. I do not mean to suggest that their attitude is a resultant of rational processes. Generations of poverty, illiteracy and ignorance of other worlds have made them essentially an un-reasoning, provincial people. They are not so much thinking as feeling. And the result seems to be an unquestoning acceptance of the little that they have.



Ewing Galloway

A typical Southern "poor white"

Their preachers are forever telling them of the rewards awaiting their patience and long-sufferng. Poverty and hard work on earth, riches and splendor in heaven. Most of them are Baptists or Methodists. In a great many cotton mill villages, however, the Seventh-Day Adventists have made remarkable inroads with their spectacular doctrine of the immediate coming of the Lord. The old people still glory in the foot-washing ceremony of the Primitive Baptist church. The rivers and creeks are used for baptism.

Out of this mixture of prejudice, ignorance and provincialism came the so-called anti-Communist mobs. From April striking to September kidnaping seems a long leap; it is, however, a story that can be told largely in terms of a powerful native press combined with an unsuccessful strike. The workers in the Loray mill at Gastonia, with its particularly low pay and poor working conditions, were drawn from the transient class. They were more than usually shiftless. There was an early, hot spring. The stretch-out system was burdensome. No one cared anything about working and every one was ready to follow the first will-o'the-wisp. The National Textile Workers Union was on the scene, enthusiastic with promises of overthrowing the stretch-out system, reducing the working hours, and raising the pay of every man from twenty to fifty per cent. A few workers were secretly enrolled. Some of these were discovered and fired by the mill. The union called the strike. Two thousand workers answered.

It is significant that the union made no progress in the county's other 103 textile plants, whose workers were of a more stable, permanent sort. They never even threatened to strike. Within a few weeks the strike at the Loray mill had petered out. Police and state militia had broken up picket lines. Vehement followers of the union had been jailed for parading. Hundreds of strikers had gone back to their old jobs. Others had drifted to mills in adjacent counties. Instead of high pay, the union had brought poverty; instead of better homes, the followers had tents in the woods.

Accompanying this were the twisted news stories and rabid editorials of the Charlotte and Gastonia papers. They ignored any social implications of the strike. They never wavered in their attack on "these despicable curs and snakes from the dives of Passaic, Hoboken and New York." They gloried in the Communist connections of the union from the very first.

The killing of Police Chief Aderholt and the wounding of two of his officers gave them more thunder in their campaign to drive these organizers from the state.

"The blood of these men cried out to the high heaven for vengeance," wrote the Gastonia *Gazette*. "This community has been too lenient. The display of gang law must not go unavenged."

"The developed situation at Gas-

(Please Turn to Page 279)

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The Trend of Events

Freedom of the Seas

ONE ISSUE BETWEEN the United States and Great Britain is virtually closed. Another remains open. The navies of the two nations are to be limited on a basis of equality. How they will be used in time of war is still a question.

While the chance of a British-American conflict is remote, the chance that one nation may become a belligerent while the other remains neutral is not. The situation then, involving freedom of the seas, might be explosive. Realizing this, Premier MacDonald before the recent British election urged a search for a solution, only to drop the subject immediately afterward, presumably because President Hoover wished to avoid it until the two nations had reached an accord on disarmament.

The President may also doubt that a solution can be found. Traditionally a neutral power, the United States has insisted on the right to engage in overseas commerce without interference from belligerents, though it has disregarded neutral rights when at war itself. A different set of traditions has made Great Britain defend the right of a belligerent to interfere, by blockade and otherwise, with neutral commerce capable of aiding the enemy. The British fleet is intended not merely to fight the enemy but to blockade the neutral. The American fleet is intended not only to fight but to protect American commerce against such interference. Controversies over this issue nearly brought Britain and the United States to blows in the early years of the World War.

The British Admiralty will only reluctantly abandon complete control of the seas. The United States Senate may balk at any limitation on complete freedom of the seas. Nevertheless, forces in both countries are working for compromise. In Britain, fear of the effects of a blockade on food supplies has brought support to Premier MacDonald's proposition that the seas be closed only by international agreement. In America, the adoption of the Kellogg war-renouncing pact has modified belief in the right of a neutral to trade freely with a nation which has gone to war in defiance of its solemn obligations.

Arriving in Washington, Premier MacDonald declared that he and President Hoover would "like to survey together the large and wide, the high and deep problems of international peace." Freedom of the seas is just such a problem. We may assume that it was discussed before the fireplace at the Rapidan camp. Settlement of it is the next step toward full Anglo-American understanding.

Laborites in Conference

WITH PREMIER MACDONALD on his way to the United States to celebrate a naval accord climaxing a series of conquests in foreign affairs, the thousand delegates to the annual conference of the British Labor Party gathered at Brighton to hear all about it and talk it out.

Wide World

SHERIFF ADKINS

Held for murder in Marion, North Carolina, with sixteen others

Foreign Minister Henderson reviewed the achievements: a victory at the Hague reparations conference, progress at the Geneva meeting of the League Assembly, a satisfactory agreement with Egypt, a tranquil Palestine, and, of course, the Anglo-American naval accord. Then he hurried away to meet the Russian Ambassador to France and arrange for the resumption of relations with the Soviet Government. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal and Minister of Unemployment, reported on his sales trip to Canada, and was criticized, though not much, for wangling Canadian trade away from the United States in the midst of the disarmament negotiations. Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden promised an investigation of the relation of finance to industry, but silenced mutterings over the Bank of England's increased discount rate by a hardly radical defense of British banking and credit, quieting the fears of the trades-unionists that more men would be thrown out of work.

Unemployment—that was uppermost in the minds of the delegates. "Wot abawt work?" Diplomatic conquests fatten no pay envelopes. Naval agreements do not pay the rent. The conference of the Liberal party, meeting concurrently at Nottingham, pointed out that with gusto. A week earlier Stanley Baldwin, Conservative leader, granting that the MacDonald Government had handled foreign affairs impressively, rebuked it for failure at home.

Minister Thomas admitted that the Labor Government would stand or fall on domestic issues. But the Labor leaders asked for more time to carry out their policies. "We go forward," one message said, "to make material wealth the servant of mankind and not the master of mankind. We aim at a new society—the Socialist commonwealth." The strict rulings of Chairman Morrison bridled the more severe critics, and the delegates departed after singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

Some of them must have gone home wondering what would happen to current peace and disarmament negotiations, notably those between London and Washington, if failure on domestic questions brought the Labor Government down.

In North Carolina

NORTH CAROLINA CANNOT ascribe all her woes to Communists. The twenty-odd employees killed or wounded in the clash at the gates of the Marion Manufacturing Company belonged to no Communist organization but to the United Textile Workers of America.

The Marion riot developed, directly, from Sheriff Adkins's attempt to disperse strikers seeking to prevent work-

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ers from entering the mill. It developed, indirectly, from a dispute over the agreement ending the first strike, which lasted from July 11 to September 9. Promises of reinstatement, increased wages, and reduced hours brought the strikers back. Then, they charge, the management refused to reinstate many employees and sought to eliminate others who belonged to the union. Hence, they walked out again. Within a few hours came the fatal clash. Sheriff Adkins and seventeen others have been accused of murder, while forty strikers have been held on lesser charges.

The disturbance at Marion seems to have distracted attention from the trial of Communist strike leaders for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt. Even before the riot at Marion, however, public interest had slackened when the State announced that a first-degree verdict would not be sought against any of the defendants and that nine of the sixteen, including the three women, would be released. While it was embarrassing to the prosecution thus to confess the weakness of its original case, it might have been far more embarrassing had a case so feeble resulted in a conviction.

Of more enduring interest than the trial at Charlotte or the clash at Marion was Governor Gardner's praiseworthy call for closer co-operation between capital, labor, and the State. North Carolina, he pointed out, is undergoing an economic and social readjustment, indicated by the fact that from 1925 to 1927 more than 34,000 farm workers became industrial workers. The resultant problems, he said, are not more difficult than those which have been faced by other States in similar circumstances. While North Carolina might have to solve its problems in collaboration with other Southern States, in any case, he declared, "we cannot build a prosperous citizenship on low wages," or "an efficient labor force on extremely long hours." "What we want," Governor Gardner said, "is orderly, restrained struggle for change."

Though he denounced the "violent and venemous" propaganda of Communism, which, he said, only served to confuse the issue, he was proud to think that those Communists charged with murder were being fairly tried. For this he must thank Judge Barnhill. More Gardners and Barnhills would seem to be North Carolina's greatest need at the present time.

▸▸Stooping to Conquer

Lady Isabella Howard, wife of the British Ambassador, sat at the President's right during the White House dinner to Premier MacDonald. At his left, Mrs. Edward Everett Gann may have smiled forgivingly as she looked upon arbiters who would have sent her far down the table below the wives of Cabinet officials, Ministers, and Ambassadors. Graciously, Vice-President Curtis, granting precedence to Lady Isabella, had relaxed his demand that his sister be ranked as his official hostess.

Underwood

WON AGAIN

Mrs. Edward Everett Gann went to the head of the President's table

Thankful, perhaps, that his first State dinner was not to be marred by social feuds, the President had been equally gracious. If Lady Isabella came first after Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Gann came next. It was her second major victory. Long ago, in deference to the Vice-President's demand and Secretary Stimson's suggestion, Sir Esme Howard decreed that the diplomatic corps, of which he is dean, would, at least temporarily, permit Mrs. Gann to walk through the folding doors first. Between them, President Hoover and Ambassador Howard seem to have arranged a social armistice, if not a lasting peace.

Not all of Washington's dowagers and diplomats may enjoy the great Gann triumph, but what can they, what will they, do? Will they dare to dispute the President's decision? The answers may be clearer after the return of Alice Longworth. Discreetly "out of town" at the time of the White House dinner, Mrs. Longworth did not make good her threat that she would not play second fiddle to Sister Dolly. Knowing Alice, Washington would not be surprised if she declined to accept the Presidential ruling.

A similar dispute, arising when Speaker Cannon insisted that his daughter rank as his official hostess, was settled by Mrs. Longworth's father. Both amused and annoyed to see Uncle Joe fold his coat-tails about his lean figure and exile himself from society, President Roosevelt gave a dinner and accorded the place of honor to the Speaker's daughter. Mrs. Longworth, however, has a mind of her own. She may think her father made a mistake.

▸▸Quincy Comes Through

"A disgusting spectacle of immorality and an advocacy of atheism, of domestic infidelity, and the destruction of unborn human life." In other words, *Strange Interlude*, as seen by Mayor Nichols of Boston. Seizing the broom of righteousness, Mayor Nichols swept the play right out of Boston and right into the suburb of Quincy.

Quincy received it with open arms, found it a home, made it comfortable. Mayor McGrath pronounced it wonderful; ministers added their public endorsements; the first-night audience gave it rousing applause, saving some for the Mayor for bringing the play to town. In the best traditions of the theatre, Quincy kept the show on while Bostonians took special trains to see it.

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The show will go on for some time, it seems. The hullabaloo which inevitably follows a Boston ban made it a center of interest. The Boston minister, who, fearless of infection, collected into a pamphlet all the material he considered salacious in the printed version and circulated it through the mails sent *Strange Interlude* blaring across the tabloids in headlines of the size usually sacred to torch murders, the memoirs of yeggmen, and raids on love nests. The Quincy playhouse soon sold out for several weeks in advance.

So Boston is seeing *Strange Interlude,* after all. Thoughtful members of the audiences undoubtedly enjoy it; those attracted by scarehead publicity probably wonder what all the fuss was about and vow to stick to the Gayety, Old Howard, and Waldon's Casino. Everything is as it always has been, and the next high-brow play dealing maturely with sex will be banned in Boston, as usual.

Meantime, Quincy has been put on the map. Mayor McGrath's hope "that the Theatre Guild may again select Quincy as a place where sober, histrionic effort may appeal to discriminating audiences" indicates that Quincy may become a permanent sanctuary. Booklovers at the Hub have long since beaten a path to Cambridge to obtain books banned in Boston. Theatre-lovers will hardly mind the short trip to Quincy.

▶▶*Shearer on the Stand*

THE TWO-DAY TESTIMONY of William Baldwin Shearer—"American, Christian, Protestant, Nationalist"—has been followed by a hailstorm of denials. Charles M. Schwab denies having participated in or inspired Mr. Shearer's employment by the shipbuilding companies. William Randolph Hearst denies that the editor of his New York *American* knew Mr. Shearer had been in the pay of shipbuilders when hiring him to organize opposition to the League of Nations and the World Court. The New York *Times* denies that it is "an English paper, or English partly owned."

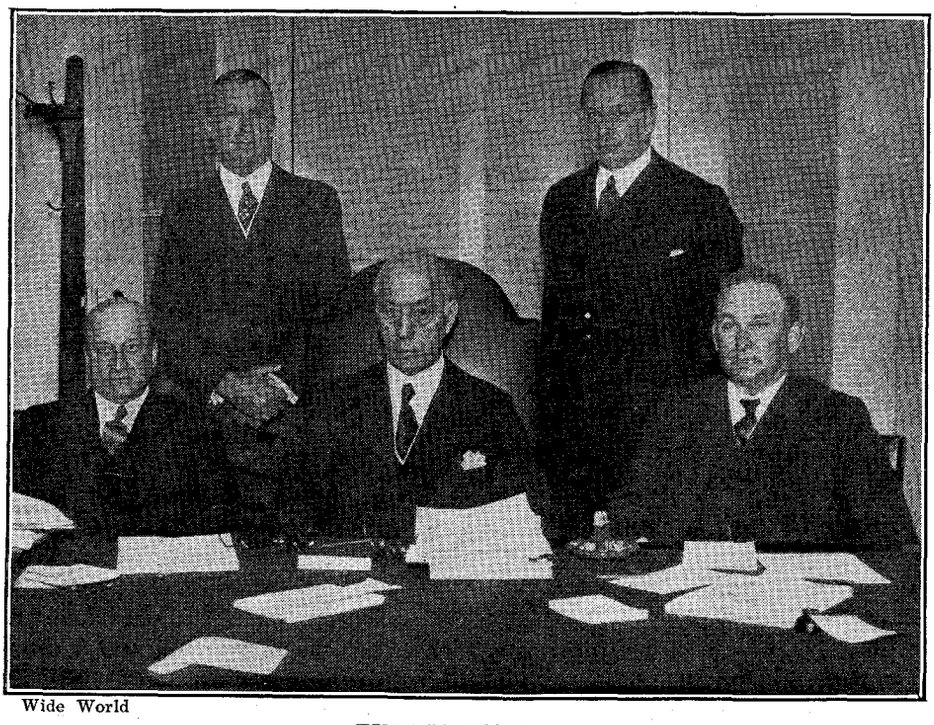
As for that "amazing" secret, official document purported to have been written to Lloyd George, then Premier, by Sir William Wiseman, then head of the British Secret Service in the United States—as to that, let's see. Detective Wheeler of Los Angeles, supposed to have attributed the authorship to Sir William, denies that he ever heard of the document. Attorney Summers of Los Angeles, who, Mr. Shearer said, gave him the document, enters a similar denial. Sir William denies that he "either wrote or caused the document to be written." S. K. Ratcliffe, English author, denies that it is an amazing document, a secret document, or even an official document. In the form of a burlesque report, it was, he said, a joke, turned out by an amusing Irishman who had served England during the War.

While testifying for the Senate committee, and since, Mr. Shearer has done a bit of denying, too. He denies the contents of an alleged Scotland Yard dossier which refers to him as "a notorious associate of international crooks and swell mobsmen." He denies having broken up the Geneva naval conference of 1927, or having said he broke it up. He denies offering to pay Brigadier General Crozier of the British Army if he would stop advocating disarmament.

To the amusement of the spectators, Mr. Shearer spoke of Mr. Schwab as "the Star of Bethlehem," and of Clinton L. Bardo, President of the New York Shipbuilding Company, as "a pumpkin herder from the farm." He declared that Senator King wanted a naval base for Salt Lake, and that Senator Allen, one of his inquisitors, and Republican publicity director in 1928, had told him he ought to go out and make speeches. That, Senator Allen insists, was merely because he wanted him to go away.

"My purpose," Mr. Shearer says, "as they [the shipbuilders] understood it, was to see that the United States would get out their side of the story at Geneva, that we would get a treaty of parity if possible, and, if it was not a treaty of parity, no treaty." This flatly contradicts the shipbuilders' statement that they sent Mr. Shearer to Geneva simply as a reporter and observer.

The Senate inquiry has uncovered much valuable material thus far. It should uncover more before it comes to an end.



Wide World

FIVE PRINCIPALS

W. B. Shearer, (upper right) his counsel, and the three senators investigating his record as a propagandist

▶▶*Resolution*

WHEREAS THE SHEARER investigation again suggests that lobbying has developed into the second greatest industry in Washington, and that persuasive gentlemen for fat considerations have been selling Service to credulous business men with interests in Congressional legislation; and

Whereas Senator Caraway would like to know who is the "angel" for the Southern Tariff League, and for the lobby against the Muscle Shoals bill and the estate tax; who keeps Joseph R. ("Boost the Tariff") Grundy in funds and who are kept in funds by Joseph R. ("Boost the Tariff") Grundy; and

Whereas Senator Brookhart wants to

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learn more about the "social lobby" and about that spirituous dinner, given by Broker Fahy to members of the House and Senate, which Senator Smoot, with his remarkable memory for facts and figures, could not recall attending; and

Whereas Representative George Holden Tinkham would enjoy seeing the activities of the Methodist Board and the Anti-Saloon League probed to the bone; and

Whereas several Senators have their eyes on the educational work of public utilities and remember the charge that former-Senator Lenroot exercised his privilege of the Senate floor for the benefit of power corporations; and

Whereas, to use the Boy-Orator language of the Senate resolution, "lobbyists seek by all means to capitalize for themselves every interest and every sentiment of the American public which can be made to yield an unclean dollar for their greedy pockets;" now therefore be it

Resolved that the Senate did well to adopt the Caraway resolution creating a committee "empowered and instructed to inquire into the activities of these lobbying associations and lobbyists," which action promises to floodlight many shadowy corners, though it may make the second greatest industry in Washington take a sudden spell for the worse.

▶▶Borger

A FRIENDLY BUT FACETIOUS correspondent suggests that we add Borger, Texas, the three-year-old mushroom oil-boom town of the Panhandle, to our list of unstandardized towns. We noticed Borger; it has made the front page more than once lately. And though we do not applaud it, though we heartily commend Governor Moody for placing it under martial law, nevertheless we find it interesting to know that in this age of investment-trusts, sedans, and color-in-the-home, such lusty goings-on are possible.

You might say that Borger started off wrong. When oil was discovered in 1926, thousands of oil seekers rushed there, and things grew so warm that the Texas Rangers, called in to preserve order, made between 75 and 100 arrests a day. The town is little more than a main street, which runs between two lines of oil wells no further apart than the 330 feet required by law. Surrounding these are 69 carbon black plants which fill the sky with thick smoke and make even the brightest sunlight hazy. There is plenty of money; for its 18,000 residents, the town has a payroll of about $1,000,000 a month. And there is plenty of action. Since Borger was founded, there have been something like twenty murders and only two of the murderers have been punished. The present trouble has to do with liquor law violations by what Governor Moody calls an "organized and entrenched criminal ring." Matters came to a head in the slaying of a District Attorney.

Underwood

ROUGH ON LOBBYISTS

Senator Caraway of Arkansas, who wants them thoroughly investigated

Certainly Borger is unstandardized, with a vengeance. And though, brimful and running over as we are with respect for the law, we cannot add it to our list, we shall think of it sometimes.

▶▶The Radburn Way

AN EXPERIMENT DESCRIBED as unique in American experience is under way in Radburn, New Jersey—a co-operative ministry supported by four of the leading churches in the country. Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Reformed congregations have united under one pastor, and formed a Council of Religion into which other Protestant Churches, notably the Congregational and Baptist, may be admitted later.

It is appropriate that the experiment should be made in Radburn. A year ago this community existed only in idealistic blueprints. Since then, amid the salvos of better-homes enthusiasts, it has made town-planning history. It is dedicated to the motor age; its purpose might be summed up in the slogan, "Parks, Playgrounds, and Pedestrian Safety." It is not afraid of trying the untried. Discarding the conventional checkerboard scheme, the planners of this 1,000-acre town seventeen miles from New York City have devised a system of cul-de-sac residential streets branching out from motor thoroughfares.

With the dead-end streets as motor entrances, the houses are grouped around small parks entered on foot from paths running through the larger parks separating the chief residential sections. Traffic highways do not intersect foot paths. Using a series of underpasses, children may walk to school from any part of the town without crossing the streets. Planned to accommodate 25,000 residents, with homes priced from $8,000 to $18,000, Radburn is not intended primarily for commuters. One small industrial establishment has arrived already and others are on the way. Co-operation and community interest are the watchwords. The profits of stockholders in the corporation financing the town are strictly limited; the surplus is ploughed back into improvements.

Auto-proof, speculation-proof, soundly backed and sensibly restricted as to architecture, Radburn is bound to be closely watched. On the whole, it seems extraordinary enough, and certainly interesting enough, to find place among the unstandardized towns at which we delight to point an editorial ferrule.

▶▶Rocketing Around

FRITZ VON OPEL, rocket expert of Frankfort, Germany, stayed aloft in his rocket-driven baby plane for seventy-five seconds, and nobody cracked a smile. Nobody, that is, who recalled that on their first trial in 1903 the Wright brothers remained in the air but twelve seconds. Herr von Opel believes that before many years we shall all be rocketing here and there in motorless planes capable of taking off without a flying field and landing within a circle with a 33-foot radius.

He believes the rocket to be the perfect emergency brake; it is also valuable, he says, for shooting persons caught in shipwrecks or burning buildings to safety, for combating airplanes and spreading smoke screens in time of war. As soon as he and his co-

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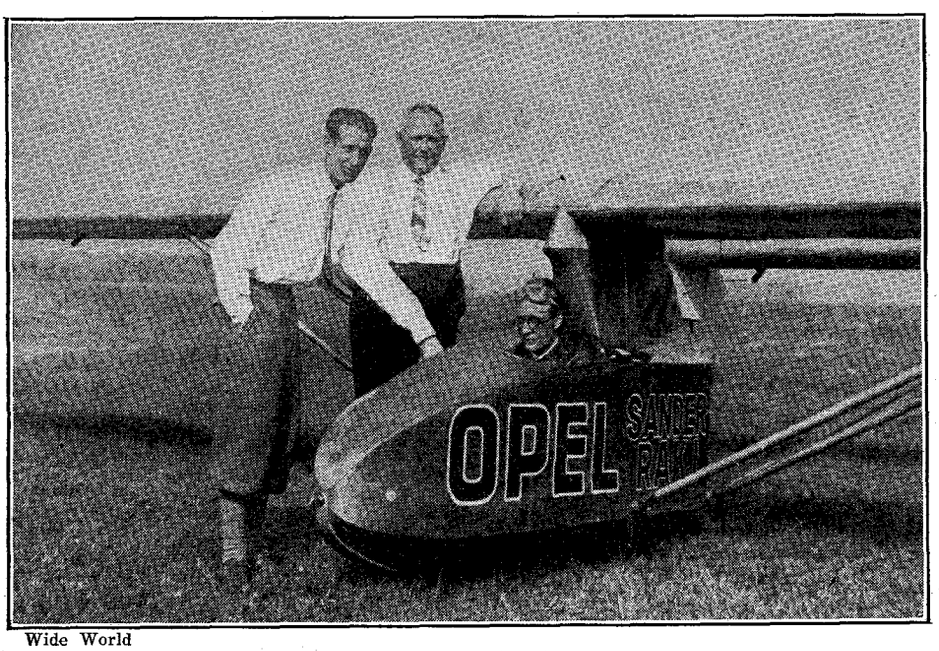
inventor, Friedrich Sanders, have perfected a rocket-driven plane fed from a tank of liquid fuel, he plans to zip across the English Channel. He denies that he will rocket to the moon, though dozens of Jules Verne addicts offer to accompany him.

Seated in the snub-nosed cockpit of his 250-pound firecracker, von Opel twice failed to have himself shot into the air by powerful starting rockets; ignition wires did not set them off promptly. The third time was the charm. With flames hissing from its tail, the machine leaped forward and mounted higher with each new push from an exploding rocket. Completing a distance of about one and a quarter miles, von Opel attempted a steep downward glide. Strong rear winds spoiled his landing; he hopped out, unhurt, just as his plane crashed and was wrecked.

Herr von Opel and his contraption do not seem fantastic. These days nothing is too fantastic to be credible. If he did decide to explore the moon, families undoubtedly would sit placidly before their radios waiting to hear how he made out. However, though he predicts that the time will come when human beings can fly around the world in less than five hours, Herr von Opel is not at present interested in sending a rocket plane beyond the field of the earth's gravitational force and into space. He is concerned only with taking the first steps in the development of an aircraft which may offer the gasoline-motored plane serious rivalry.



Wide World

ROCKET PLANE

The craft in which Fritz von Opel flew for a minute and a quarter at Frankfort, Germany

▸▸*News of Prohibition*

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT'S ruling restoring the privilege of free entry to high Government officials returning from abroad seems to belong with recent news of prohibition. Henceforth, barring leaky bottles, members of Congress returning on Government business should escape the indignity of being caught in violations of the dry laws.

Another prohibition news item notes the birth of the Co-operative Committee for Prohibition Enforcement, designed to co-ordinate the activities of the Anti-Saloon League, the W.C.T.U., and other organizations. Still another describes the decision of Washington Embassies to appoint liquor keepers empowered to grant or withhold, thus puncturing the rumor that diplomatic liquor, flowing into bootleg channels, is debauching the Nation. A fourth outlines the ruling of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Philadelphia that the purchaser of liquor cannot be punished as an abettor of illegal transportation.

A fifth item deals with the appointment of John McNab, San Francisco lawyer and Hoover's nominator at Kansas City, as prohibition mechanic. With the help of the Attorney General, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Chairman Wickersham of the Law Enforcement Commission, Mr. McNab will overhaul enforcement machinery. On the administrative side, he will study the supposed advantages of centralizing responsibility for enforcement in the Department of Justice. On the judicial side, he will seek ways and means of eliminating congestion of the courts. His work, as the President emphasizes, will "have to do solely with administration and procedure in enforcing the laws and not with change in the laws themselves." His report will be submitted to the December session of Congress.

"SENATORS GIVE FIRST PRIZE IN WISE-CRACKING CONTEST TO A PUN"-NEWS ITEM
YAS, I DOPED OUT THAT NIFTY AN' COPPED TH' FIRST PRIZE- JUST THOUGHT IT UP- "DO MY AYES DECEIVE ME!"- JUST LIKE THAT!
"THE BOY WHO MADE GOOD"
(APOLOGIES TO H.T. WEBSTER)

Will B. Johnstone in the New York "World"

Mr. Hoover repeats his request to Congress for a joint committee to discover what administrative changes can be made to increase the effectiveness of enforcement. If it is appointed, we may yet see three investigating agencies —the Congressional committee, the Wickersham Commission, and Mr. McNab—going full blast and all together. The experiment noble in motive seems to need an uncommon lot of looking into.

▸▸*Wisecracks*

AT LAST THE RETURNS in the national wisecrack contest have been announced and the Nation can settle down soberly to everyday affairs. Very soberly, in fact, for as the winning sallies are noted the suspicion grows that what *The Pathfinder* really conducted was a wisecrack contest to end wisecracks.

The winner of the $140 prize is Henry A. Courtney of Atlanta, Georgia. His wisecrack is:

"'Do my ayes deceive me?' said the Senator as those who had pledged to support him voted against his bill."

Reading this, one suspects what the quips of the $10 second-prize winners were like. They were like this:

"Grandpa Wayback rises to remark: 'I never expected to live to see the day when the girls would get sunburned on the places they do now.'"

And like this: "A Negro laborer being

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paid in the new currency was overheard to remark: 'Ef Ah couldn't make bofe ends meet wif de big money, what's Ah gonna do wid dis yar small stuff?' "

And like this: "The 'talkies' at many movies depends on who sits near you."

And like this: "Pedestrians have more rites than drivers."

And even like this: "But it's better to have halitosis than to have no breath at all."

Reading these, one suspects what the prizeless wisecracks were like.

The judges of the contest were the editors of *The Pathfinder,* Senator Ashurst of Arizona, and Senator Moses, of New Hampshire. Senator Moses, Heaven help us, is reputed to have the brightest wit in Congress.

Ol' Man River

SWEPT BY A TORRENT of water in 1927, the Mississippi Valley is now being inundated by a flood of words. Its source is dissatisfaction with the flood control program adopted by Congress last May. Bearing neither the responsibility nor the cost of the undertaking —the Federal Government assumes both—the supposed beneficiaries are able to criticize freely.

Besides rebuilding the main levees, to which idea there is no objection, the Army engineers, whose plan is being followed, contemplated the construction at strategic points of floodways and spillways into which flood waters might be diverted. Five to fifteen miles wide, these ways run across prosperous farms, of corn in Missouri, of cotton in Arkansas, of sugar in Louisiana. While they grumble to think that farms are being sacrificed to protect the cities, the farmers for the most part are reconciled to losing their homes, though not without full compensation.

Arguing that compensation cannot be granted until damage is done, and that floods occur only once every ten years or so, the Government offers to pay merely for the strips of land necessary for the construction of guide levees. The farmers, however, contend that floods come much more frequently, and, persuasively enough, add that their fields, squarely in the path prepared for the diverted waters, are continually menaced. They therefore threaten to go to court for injunctions to hold up construction unless their demands are satisfied. One case has already been decided in favor of the Government, but appeals to the Supreme Court are promised, a step which might delay the work for years and ultimately cost the Government twice the $325,000,000 authorized for flood control.

In the circumstances, President Hoover is justified in suggesting that work be stopped until another survey is made, although no plan will satisfy all concerned. An engineer and Chairman of the Flood Control Commission appointed by President Coolidge in 1927, Mr. Hoover is expected to point the way out. Meanwhile, secretive about his plans for future floods, ol' man river, he just keeps rollin' along.

Remarkable Remarks

If men would agree to have half the children instead of making women have all of them, women undoubtedly would be willing to compete on even terms.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Instead of the men rising to the stern standards of feminine purity, the girls would appear to have lowered the bars.—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

Man is naturally polygamous and an occasional slip from rectitude does not mean a damn thing.—RUDY VALEE.

Nature makes boys and girls lovely to look upon so they can be tolerated until they acquire some sense. —PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

To the mass of people today art and beauty are nothing but debauchery.—BERNARD SHAW.

The man in the upper berth is isolated and insulated against contact with his fellow men. When the porter takes away the ladder he is not quite in bed and not quite in jail.—"BUGS" BAER.

If you play a bad hand of bridge, people will snap at you and call you names and never invite you to their homes again. But if you dub around at golf, you only arouse a storm of friendly laughter.—DR. W. BERAN WOLFE.

It is a terrible thought that you could play golf in Syria, or Germany, or Sweden. Great God! It is terrible.—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Our own theory is that Rothstein caught himself cheating at solitaire and did the only thing that was possible under the circumstances.— EDWARD HOPE.

As to Women

IT'S A RARE FOREIGN VISITOR who does not contribute a fresh generalization about American women. Here, for instance, is Bertrand Russell, English philosopher and author, declaring that we have the most feminine civilization since ancient Egypt. The reason, he believes, is that frequent divorce leaves children to be brought up by one parent, usually the mother. Add to this the opinion of Constance Eaton, a visiting English journalist, that we are developing two distinct classes, the superior one including all women, the inferior all men, and you have—well, you have two more generalizations.

Fortunately for American women, for every commentator who disapproves of them, another finds them quite all right. Not long ago Professor Rogers of Massachusetts Institute of Technology declared that the prevalence of women school teachers, with their sentimental ideas, was having an unfortunate influence upon the youth of the nation. Bertrand Russell, however, maintains that, if there are too many women in American schools, there is room for a great many more in American politics, where sentiment is by no means unuseful.

In Brief

THE NOTEWORTHY THING is that Premier MacDonald was able to say all those nice things about America after having received that radio message aboard the Berengaria reading: "Cable your price on commercial exclusive first appearance broadcasting" . . . . According to the results of a solemn investigation conducted in New York City, the business girl with a low salary spends more, proportionately, on her appearance than the business girl with a high salary. You can't beat these investigators when it comes to disclosing astonishing facts . . . . "I am the candidate of Tammany Hall," declares Jimmie Walker, "and if elected I will be a Tammany Hall Mayor." Mr. Walker is either an unusually confident candidate, an unusually candid one, or—which is most likely—both . . . . The warmest tribute to the late Gustav Stresemann is the frank opinion, expressed on all sides, that it will be impossible for Germany to find a Foreign Minister worthy to succeed him . . . . Paul Hoffman of South Bend, Ind., vice-president of an automobile manufacturing corporation, who declares that it will soon be possible for the average motorist to drive safely at 100 miles an hour, may exaggerate a little, but at any rate it should soon be possible for the average motorist to

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drive safely at twenty miles. . . . "No classic has ever been a classic by anything but the taste of the common people," says Mrs. T. G. Winter, former President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. No doubt Mrs. Winter has watched the common people throng to hear Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and storm the bookstores to buy Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE PERSONALITY of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, and the nature of his mission to the United States, has strangely stirred a Washington that has seen foreign nobles and warriors commute between the Old World and the New since Sarajevo. We find that this simple Scot has captivated the imagination of all who met and talked with him, and brightened the belief that the two Anglo-Saxon nations may some day cast their influence on the side of permanent peace. To our mind MacDonald speaks for the vast body of British public opinion quite as much as President Hoover does for ours. So what we have been witnessing is a candid exchange of national views between two men more representative of their peoples than all the tinselled and truculent statesmen who have gathered around inlaid tables since the World War. We realize we may be indulging in sentiments unwarranted by the international situation, but we find that many observers here and abroad share our viewpoint. We do not believe MacDonald's visit to be only an interlude; we look upon it as a prelude to finer understanding and sympathy in the conduct of international relations.

His meeting with the American press the very night of his arrival, we think, will assume historic proportions. From high-panelled walls above him looked down lifelike photographs of the late King Edward and Queen Mother Alexandra—puissant figures of the old order—in their coronation robes. On the Victorian table separating him from his audience stood photographs of European monarchs clad in warlike raiment. Behind him paced Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador and member of an ancient family that has played an heroic rôle in England's periodic wars. In this royal setting, however, the British Commoner spoke only of peoples and peace, of the tragic lessons of war and the shining ideal of disarmament. His attitude was one of extreme simplicity, we thought; there were no diplomatic ifs and buts, no parliamentary or senatorial reservations.

His sincerity struck us as all the more impressive because of the personal sacrifices he has endured for the sake of conviction. We could not forget that he had suffered social ostracism amounting to petty and personal persecution because he dared to oppose the embattled sentiment of a world at war in 1917; that his first ministry had fallen largely because, rightly or wrongly, he dared to recognize Russia. There was no mistaking his desire to convince the American press and public that the British people still place their sole reliance for the preservation of peace and prosperity in a continuance of friendly relations with the United States; in an even closer accord, if possible, with their overseas neighbors.

President Hoover, in our opinion, has met MacDonald with a frankness and friendliness equally engaging. The two world leaders have so much in common that their meeting recalls Thomas Carlyle's theory concerning a providential juxtaposition of great men and great events; certainly a Coolidge or a Harding, the one too flinty and the other too flighty could not have responded to MacDonald's personality as Hoover has. We cannot banish from our mind the thought that the conference of the Quaker and the Laborite before a blazing logfire in the presidential camp on the Rapidan may be fraught with deeper significance than more ballyhooed assemblages at Locarno, Geneva, Versailles and The Hague. Though there may have been no mention of alliances, as both the President and Premier explained in outlining the agenda of their conversations, terms of friendship and understanding need not be written on paper. This week-end on a Virginia mountain top between two unassuming and unwarlike statesmen, we believe, marks a great advance over the day when a Hughes and a Balfour—both Tories and traditionalists—sat with their legs, fingers and national ideals crossed beneath the conference board.

I THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET HIM THROUGH WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE, HERB!
YARD STICK
MACDONALD
WE'LL RIDE IN THE FIRST HACK AN'
OLD MAN MARS HIMSELF
LEAGUE OF NATIONS
TALBURT

Talburt in N. Y. "Telegram"

Listening in on the funeral arrangements

There were several unnoted incidents which, we think, revealed the extent and depth of the accord between President Hoover and his distinguished guest—the similarity of their preliminary announcements of what would and would not be discussed, for instance. Deprecation of any desire for an alliance, of course, was to allay uneasiness in France, Japan and Italy—the other participants in the January naval parley. Nevertheless, these unpublished details furnished an insight into what we regard as the Hoover-MacDonald world peace program.

Though there is to be no documented Anglo-American agreement, it is a mistake to suppose that there may not evolve from these conversations an entente of purpose that will be tantamount to an accord for joint action to keep the peace. Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald may entertain no desire that their governments should shoulder the responsibilities of international policemen, but a nation—or two, especially when they are two of the most powerful in the world—can swing a big stick for peace without putting on brass buttons and a blue uniform. . . .

A. F. C.

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What Do Liberals Want?

An Editorial by John Dewey

THERE is a natural bond of cohesion among conservatives and reactionaries. They hold together not so much by ideas as by habit, tradition, fear of the unknown and a desire to hang on to what they already have. And their "having" consists of beliefs as well as possessions. The old and true saying that the Tory party was stupid did not mean, I suppose, that individually the members of the Tory party were stupider than their opponents, but that as a Party they had no especial need of ideas. They only needed policies and these were defined by maintenance of the *status quo*.

Liberals, on the other hand, are notoriously hard to organize. They must depend upon ideas rather than upon established habits of belief; and when persons begin to think upon social matters they begin to vary. For ideas, by their nature, are variants. To put it in an exaggerated way, they are kickers; and kicking does not lead to unity. There always has been a body of sentiment in this country that may be called progressive and there is an immense amount of social sympathy for the underdogs of our economic life. Such sentiment and sympathy have been the basis of repeated sporadic political movements. But feeling furnishes only a temporary bond of unity. For thirty years, at least, the story of liberal political movements in this country is one of temporary enthusiasms and then steady decline. If liberals are "tired," it is chiefly because they have not had the support and invigoration that comes from working shoulder to shoulder in a unified common movement. They are discouraged by differences within their own ranks quite as much as by the entrenched force of the interests against which they are working.

Nevertheless, there exists even now a very general realization that our present political situation is absurdly unreal. The wider one's political contacts, the more one is aware of the widespread consciousness that the existing alignment of parties signifies nothing real. The witty story of the Englishman who asked an American about our two major parties would awaken almost universal response. He was told that they were two bottles of similar shape and size, with different labels—and both empty. At the same time, the sentiment for which there is no other name than progressive is not dead nor is it even sleeping. But its very diffusion under present conditions renders it impotent. It is unorganized.

Put the two facts together. On the one hand there is the very general discontent with the present alignment of parties, the general sentiment that a large mass of people do not have a square deal economically, and that equal opportunity is by and large a myth; as is prosperity in which wealth and control of finance, credit and industry are in the hands of a small per cent of the community. On the other hand there is the tragic failure of past attempts at political organization of a truly liberal policy. What do these facts indicate as to the way out?

To my mind there is but one answer. Past movements have failed because they were the expression of temporary sentiment and because their bond of union was so largely negative. There was plenty of discontent with existing conditions, but there was a shortage of constructive ideas and policies into which enough people had been educated so as to form a common and deeply shared faith. The hope of the future resides therefore in two things. First and foremost in a campaign of steady and continuous organization which shall effect contact and unity among the now scattered and largely inarticulate liberal persons and groups in our country. Secondly, as in part a means for this organized acquaintance and contact and in still greater part as a product of it, the development of a unifying body of principles and policies adapted to present conditions, one which will bring that sense of reality into present politics which is now absent.

The public press of September ninth carried a notice of the formation of the League for Independent Political Action. The announcement was so worded as to give the impression that a new political party was being launched. A truer statement would be that it is desired to encourage and assist the ultimate formation of a new political party. The movement is an attempt to fulfill the conditions just stated. The League intends to discover and to co-operate with liberal groups and individuals throughout the country; to bring them into conscious contact with one another and to promote that sense of solidarity among them which is the condition of further effective political action. In being a clearing house for liberal sentiment and ideas, it will also carry on the work of research and of education in order to build up that body of positive and constructive political policies which can alone give unity and endurance to a progressive party movement.

A body of principles is necessary to initiate a bringing together of elements now scattered and divided, and they have been tentatively formulated. Obviously, in order to be in contact with present realities, they deal mainly with the economic facts which present major parties so conspicuously ignore. While the time may not be ripe for launching a new party, it is more than ripe for those who are not content with the present economic and political situation to get together and confer upon what they want and thus develop that body of positive ideas and proposals upon which the next forward movement of American politics must be based. The League offers itself as a center for such unification, ready to pass into action as rapidly as conditions permit.

What does the future hold for those who are discontented with existing social, political and economic conditions? It has been difficult for them to work together toward a solution:—being dissenters, their bond of unity has been but temporary. In this week's editorial, Dr. John Dewey of Columbia University attempts to indicate a future course for liberals. Dr. Dewey is a leader of what must be called—for the want of a better term—the liberal movement in the United States

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St. Mihiel and the Argonne

A Hospital Unit on the Western Front

By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

The plan for an American offensive at St. Mihiel and an advance into the Argonne caused Evacuation Hospital No. 8 to leave Juilly and establish headquarters near Verdun. The operation at St. Mihiel furnished little work for the hospital men; but the Argonne was another story. Once the battle was begun the stream of wounded flowed back from the front almost without break for fifty days

WHILE we were at Juilly, we used to spend a good deal of time repining that we were not nearer the front. This was partly because we thought that if we were nearer the front we should find life more exciting, but mainly it was for a less selfish reason. The daily sight of the sacrifice the wounded men had made, the sacrifice of suffering and multilation, made one feel that to be well clothed and well fed, to sleep warm and dry, to have time for rambles across the countryside, was unworthy and even shameful.

It was our lot never to be stationed in a place of excessive physical danger. But no location into which an evacuation hospital might conceivably have gone could better have fulfilled our desires than Petit Maujouy. As, on that morning of August 27, some representative member of the company brushed off the heavy dew which had fallen on him during the night, crawled out, stiff and half frozen, from the crevice in the pile of stores where he had tried to fit his tired body until daylight, and took his first look at the place in which he was to spend the next three months and a half, he saw something quite different from the smiling fields of Seine-et-Marne. . . . Before him, a broad white road divides the landscape like a ribbon. Beyond the road, a meadow slopes gently down to a little stream, and then the fields rise, rocky and shallow-soiled, covered with rank growth of grass and weeds, ending against the sky in wooded slopes. Behind him, on this side of the road, and near at hand, a dense and unbroken forest (the forest of Souilly) stretches up to the sky line. In the narrow sloping space between the forest and the road are a few rough wooden shacks covered with tarred paper. Behind them, a great square cross, forty feet from tip to tip, has been laid out on the ground with broken white stone and coal-ash cinders. Tents have been hastily pitched here and there to shelter some of the equipment. Up the road a few hundred yards rise the buildings of some sort of encampment; the great cemetery behind it proclaims it to be a hospital, evidently French. Everything else bespeaks desolation and desertion. Yet the country is not completely deserted. Over there on the western horizon hang several great observation balloons, marking the general direction of Verdun, which is only six miles away. Up the road two miles or so is Ancemont, a heap of rubble and still under shellfire. Down the road a shorter distance is the little hamlet of Senoncourt, which the shells have not reached, and which is inhabited. (Indeed, a few people manage to exist in Ancemont.) Still farther back is Souilly, the railhead, headquarters for the staff which is directing operations in the Argonne, and for various hospital organizations. Scattered off there to the west and north are Lemmes, Landrecourt, Lempire, Dugny—most of them mere names for barren acres of graves, the graves of the armies of men killed in the defense of Verdun.

It is but natural that one, sending his thoughts back over the gap of eleven years, should remember the forest first of all. For we saw a great deal of the forest. When we arrived, there were no barracks nor tents for the men. For the time being, we were told, we should have to sleep in our pup tents. We carried our packs far up on the slope across the road and left them there while we returned and worked at the erection of the hospital. In the afternoon we pitched our own shelters, but hardly got them up when we were told that, as this area was constantly under the observation of enemy airplanes, we must take to the woods. Accordingly, we bivouacked under the trees farther up the slope—a delightfully sylvan encampment, with our kitchen in a little clearing. Then, orders to move again. We came down out of the woods and moved into pyramidal tents erected in the field near the meadow. That, too, proved a mistake. Again we moved, this time to the woods across the road above the hospital, and pitched our pup tents the third time. Here some of us remained, rain and shine, mud and damp, for more than a month. In such a place there could be no nice lining up of tents in company front. In couples the men sought out places that suited them, and pitched their tents in any fashion they liked. We showed much ingenuity in making something like permanent and comfortable shelters out of the extremely scanty cloth of our pup tents. One that I remember intimately was pitched under an enormous beech, mossy and ivy-clad, the patriarch of the forest. Its occupants, a Baptist from Maine and a Mormon from Utah, built up a rough bed of saplings two feet or so from the ground, and used their pup tent as a roof. The opening was faced close up to the trunk of the great tree, which protected half the interior and left only room for a man to crawl in. Down at the foot of the slope, just inside the fringe of the forest, the field kitchens were pitched. They had followed us in all our peregrinations, and were still to move once more into more permanent quarters down in the meadow.

Doctor Shipley has strikingly described the procedure of setting up an advanced surgical unit. "An Evacuation Hospital," he says, "is organized very much like a circus. It is divided into different departments and each of these must look out for itself. Officers and men are assigned to these divisions, and when the hospital moves to a new site all of them work separately to get ready. The mess officer, the cook, and the kitchen police set up the kitchen; the quartermaster and his men get their supplies under canvas and in order. Different sergeants in charge of groups get the tents up. Engineers set up their mobile electric light outfits and wire the different units, and then, if possible, pipe water to the operating hut. The X-ray officer and his assistants set up the X-ray and fix a dark room with blankets for curtains. The

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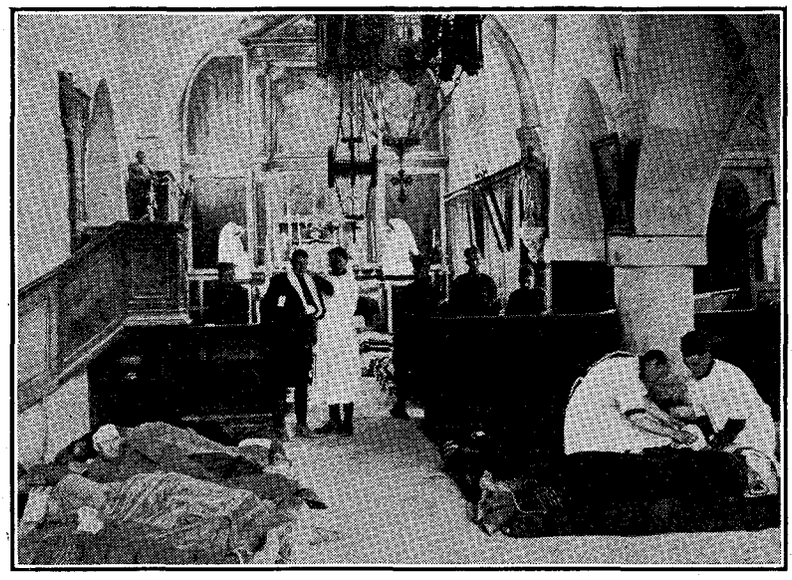
Springfield, Missouri

druggists get the drug tent ready; the shock officers arrange the shock wards; the receiving and preparation tents are set up; the operating room nurses and attendants are establishing an operating room, unpacking supplies, setting up tables, etc.; the laboratory is unpacked, and the dental surgeon gets his workshop ready. As soon as the ward tents are ready, other men begin to set up the cots, and as soon as these are ready the nurses begin to arrange them and to gather their ward supplies."

By September 1 our hospital was ready to receive patients, a feat of engineering for which we had some right to feel proud. It was our first experience of the kind. At Juilly we took over a hospital, which, though somewhat inadequate in number of beds, was already well organized and equipped. Here, with nothing except our own portable equipment and a few rough wooden shacks, we set up in four days a hospital much more convenient, rapid, and efficient than at Juilly.



Old church being used as a ward for wounded soldiers

The unscheduled fighting on the Marne finished, the American command resumed its original plan for an American advance against St. Mihiel and into the Argonne. For some weeks it had been quietly concentrating men and supplies in that sector in preparation for a surprise assault. Everything this time had to move like a machine, nothing overlooked or unready when the drive opened. All the time we were erecting the hospital in preparation for wounded men, the great highway before us groaned with the steady stream of the men who were to be wounded, of men and materials of war, flowing steadily on toward the front. The activity was greatest at night. As one walked guard in the pitchy blackness, he could hear passing endlessly all night the guns, the trucks and motorcycles, the ghostly tramp of interminable columns of invisible men. Voices came out of the dark: "This is Evacuation Hospital 8. What outfit is that?" "—th Machine Gun Battalion. Hope we don't meet again!" In this concentrating of divisions we had frequent opportunities to meet old friends in combatant outfits. Our own national guard division, we would hear, was passing through, was lying in the woods over the brow of the hill back of the hospital. On some more or less precarious excuse we would slip away, scour the woods, come suddenly upon the hasty encampment strung out along the road, ask for such and such a regiment and such and such a company, pass along the column, until finally we would come upon our friend, under a bush, perhaps, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion after the twenty-mile hike of the night before. And as the dark settled down again, and with it came the rain, we would see him line up, wave a farewell, and march off in the downpour—perhaps forever.

The St. Mihiel drive was, in one respect, perhaps the most brilliantly successful in the history of the War. It was achieved with almost negligible casualties on the attacking side. If we had not had the newspapers, we should have been incredulous as to the enormous gains said to have been made. Only a few wounded came into the hospital, and those mainly German prisoners. I remember one splendid young Austrian officer, wounded by a machine-gun bullet through both thighs, who quite overawed us with his excellent English and imperious manner. We expected gratitude, and even a little cringing, but he simply took us for granted as a quite-to-be-expected servile agency, especially provided for his own comfort. Only once did we see him lose his self-composure. As we transferred him from the litter to the operating table, the pain forced from him a shriek of agony for which he made no apology. But when he spoke again, it was with the old arrogance.

Our real work began with the opening of the Battle of the Argonne two weeks later. Again our road groaned with the endless stream of trucks, and thousands of invisible feet tramped by in the dark. A few entries from diaries will show what was happening at Petit Maujouy in the meantime.

"Sept. 16. Papers tell of 15,000 Huns captured and Austria looking for peace. German plane came over at 9.45 P.M. and shots in aerial combat were close to us."

"Sept. 18. Was awakened at 6 A.M. by the bursting of shells near the hospital. They only sent eight over, and there was no material damage done. . . . Just at noon (mess time) a German bombing plane was observed flying directly over the mess hall. All of a sudden, five of our planes came out of a cloud directly over him, and brought him down after a battle lasting about twenty minutes. Observer's head was shot completely off from our machine gun fire. Pilot hurt but little. All of our machines landed safely."

We seem first to have taken note of the opening of more intense activity about the nineteenth, although wounded men did not arrive in any numbers for some days after that.

"Sept. 19. Awoke at 4 A.M. hearing the biggest barrage I have yet heard, so guess the French have started something."

"Sept. 25. 11 P.M. big barrage started and roared all night long. [This was the opening fire of the Meuse-Argonne.] Sounded like thunder, but heavier. Trucks by the score passed. G.I. cans [literally, 'galvanized iron cans': slang name for especially large shells] and whizz-bangs heard every few moments. . . .

"Sept. 26. Barrage still continues. Planes in droves pass over us. Boys from front say we go forward in great style. Patients came all night long. I was used for wards 9, 19, 1, 2, 3. Kept me moving. . . .

"Sept. 28. 1 A.M. left in ambulance

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for Souilly to unload on train. Dark night, flash could be seen all around sky. Worked until 4.30 P.M., then drove back to camp and bed until 7. Breakfast, then bed again—very tired. Reported at 7.30 P.M.—raining hard. . . ."

The great battle of the Argonne was on, no sudden spurt followed by weeks of inactivity, but a steady, desperately contested, inexorable advance through the most difficult kind of terrain, one steady uninterrupted battle lasting nearly fifty days. The stream of wounded flowed almost without break through the efficient mill of Evacuation Eight.

Trucks, coming down the road from Ancemont in an endless line, pull up on the hard curved roadway which we had cracked stone to build. They stop before the blanket-hung doorway of a rough wooden shack. (The blankets serve both to shut out cold and to shut in light.) A group of litter bearers quickly and quietly lift out the four wounded men from each ambulance. The ambulance driver takes four folded litters from a great stack beside the road, and is off, out the other end of the curved driveway. His ambulance has been stationary only a minute or so. The litter bearers carry the wounded men inside, and set them carefully down on the floor. Then they are back to unload another ambulance. They will work at this for twelve hours, sometimes with hardly an interval except when they snatch a few minutes for meals. The reception ward is bare of all furnishings save for a rusty coal stove and two bare wooden tables for the clerical force. There is room here for eighty stretchers at once, and we have besides four reserve tents, a capacity of forty stretchers each, in case the wounded arrive faster than we can put them through. A special triage officer at once surveys the patients to determine the urgency of their injuries. All of them are in need of prompt attention, but some can wait better than others. Sucking wounds of the chest, abdominal wounds, cases with active hemorrhage, must be given precedence. Men in that state of profound physical prostration called by doctors "shock" must not be subjected to the usual preparation, but rushed at once to the shock ward for treatment to restore their waning vitality. Cases requiring X-ray (i.e., wounds which appear to have retained the bullets or shrapnel which caused them) are tagged with a distinctive green slip to identify them.

Every patient admitted must have some kind of record made for him, and it must be made before he goes under the ether. He has on a string around his neck his identification disks, and there should be a linen tag tied in his buttonhole giving the diagnosis and treatment at the aid or dressing station. Sometimes he has a field medical card, his permanent surgical record, with one section filled in by the unit which has given him treatment. If he has not, an orderly makes one now with fountain pen, while another orderly fills out in duplicate on the typewriter "Form 52." The patient is sometimes unconscious; in that case we must get the information from other patients, from his identification disk, from the diagnosis slip. The field medical card is tied to the wounded man and accompanies him wherever he goes; of the two copies of "Form 52" one is put in the envelope with the field medical card and the other sent to our office as the hospital record. This system of records was invented by our own clerical staff, and proved to be a great advance over the old method.

These records finished, another set of litter bearers picks up the wounded man and carries him forward the next stage. In another shack, standing end to end with the first, and exactly like it in point of construction, is the undressing and preparation room. A team of two orderlies takes charge of each wounded man. One swiftly and gently removes the bloodstained uniform, cutting it off if necessary, and dresses the patient in a clean suit of cotton wool pajamas, while the other collects his pathetic little store of valuables (mostly "souvenirs") and makes a receipt for them. These valuables are put in a bag and kept in a locker until the patient leaves the hospital, when they are again checked with his receipt and returned to him. The litter on which the wounded man lies is now lifted upon a rough wooden rack which supports it at a level of about three feet from the ground. There are eight of these supports, with an orderly at each. If the wound is accompanied by fracture and splinted, it must be left as it is until the man reaches the operating room, but otherwise all wounds are prepared here. The first-aid dressings are removed, an area about the wound shaved, and small sterile dressings applied to protect the wounds until the operation.

Those men with the green slip are then carried into the X-ray dark room, which occupies one end of the preparation ward. There are two tables with the Roentgen bulb over each. The patient is transferred to one of the tables and the foreign bodies located by the fluoroscope. In most cases a written description of the location of the missile, with guiding marks made with silver nitrate on the surface of the skin, is sufficient, but in more delicate and difficult cases, such as brain wounds, a negative photographic plate is made, developed at once, and sent on to the operating room. Two X-ray surgeons, and four assistants, among whom are a skilled electrician and a photographer, make up the force. The wounded men are now ready for operation.

Some, as we have seen, are in so profound a state of vital depression that they could not possibly survive an immediate operation or even much preparation of wounds. Just outside the door of the shack where the X-ray room is located, stands a brown French wall tent—the shock ward. Here, usually in their clothes just as they came from the ambulance, lie these poor fellows, with surgeons and nurses expending all their efforts to recall their vitality sufficiently to make an operation possible. They wrap them warmly in blankets, warm them further by small oil stoves placed under the cots, and give them stimulants, injections of saline solution, and blood transfusions. (The hospital has a considerable list of its members always ready to offer blood.) The shock ward is a sad and discouraging place, for the heat and rest which the patients must have furnish exactly the condition most favorable for the rapid development of infections. The air is heavy with the odor of decay, which we mask somewhat by sprinkling carbolic acid on the gravel floor. Many of these poor fellows die here without rallying at all. If they are operated on, their chances for life are slight. But this intelligent and devoted care saves a percentage, and so is a hundred times justified.

So far, the patient has been moving in a perfectly straight line of progress, as though he were on the belt of a great machine. The operating room, however, a third shack just like the other two, stands a little higher up on the hillside. We have constructed a passageway covered with builders' paper, so that the patient will not be

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chilled or wet in being carried across the intervening space.

The operating room is simply a long rough wooden barrack, covered with tarred paper, but is fairly warm and almost water tight. Down the middle runs a row of eighteen white-enameled operating tables. Against the wall on one side is built a wide shelf, covered with sheets, where the instruments lie, shiny and sharp looking, and bundles of sterile towels, gowns, and gloves. This is the "sterile side"; one touches nothing there without being "scrubbed up." Against the other wall are two stoves, two clumsy looking but quite serviceable sinks cast of solid concrete, several large covered buckets for waste, and, at intervals, the tables and rough filing cabinets of the three scribes or recorders, each of whom serves six tables. Between the operating tables and the wall on the "non sterile side" is an alleyway sufficiently wide to permit the bringing in of litters without running into any one. High powered electric bulbs with metal shades hang at the head and foot of each table. Across the room, directly over each table, stout wires are stretched. There are other electric lights with adjustable cords and hooks, which can be hung at any height and in any location. The wire is also useful to fasten up arms or legs which have to be elevated and held for a considerable time in that position. High above the wires at each end of the room hang two large signs painted with one word: SILENCE.

The eighteen tables are manned by six surgical teams, each team covering three tables. On one a man is waiting, on the second a man is being prepared and anesthetized, and on the third a man is undergoing operation. As long as the supply of wounded holds out, there is no let-up. The surgeons strip off their bloody gowns and gloves, put on another set, and start immediately at another table. They do more work in a week than the same number of surgeons in a civilian operating room would perform in a year. On September 30, 1918, the six teams of the day shift in Evacuation Eight operated on 206 wounded men with an average of two and one-half wounds a man; thirty-four cases per team in eleven hours.

The teams are provisionally assigned to particular types of wounds. Colonel Shipley, for example, specializes in wounds of the knee joint, Lieutenant Hanson in brain wounds, Captain Foote in wounds involving the eye, Lieutenant Dillon in fractures of the jaw and teeth, Colonel Lilienthal in sucking wounds of the chest. Of course, all the tables are kept busy all the time as long as there are wounded. The litter bearers come in at one end of the shack. The surgeon in charge (Colonel Shipley on one shift, Major Bruggeman on the other) has the table nearest the door, so that all the patients pass him. He looks at the man and assigns him to a vacant table. The litter bearers move down the passageway on the right, and turn in beside the table designated, holding the litter at the level of the table. Two operating room assistants stand on the outside of the litter, facing the table, and slip their arms under the man's shoulders and knees. The litter bearers then drop the outside handles of the litter, leaving the patient on the assistants' arms; they take a step forward and deposit him on the table. A merely incidental detail, but it took a great deal of thought and drill to work it out. After the operation the surgeon dictates to the scribe a brief summary of his diagnosis and what he has done, and indicates whether the man can be evacuated within twelve hours or should be held for a longer time. The scribe enters the record in the hospital record book and copies it on the field medical card. He then reports to the sergeant in charge of the operating room that the patient is ready to be carried to the ward. This sergeant, who has a list of all the empty beds in the hospital, assigns the patient to a ward where he will be "held" or "evacuated" according to the surgeon's recommendation. He also keeps a list of the names of the wounded men with the wards to which he has assigned them. This information he sends to the office to enable our clerical staff to maintain a complete and up-to-date directory. The unconscious patient is put back on a litter, carried out the door at the other end of the building, and thence back to the ward. A few of the wards are in wooden barracks like the operating room. To these go the men who are not in a condition to be immediately evacuated: wounds of the head, fractures of the thigh, etc. The greater parts of the wards, however, are tents with no floor other than the native gravel.

The following lines were written in the operating room between Oct. 2 and Oct. 6: ". . . The last week has been the busiest I have seen in the operating room. Our plant has worked wonderfully. On Sept. 30 we made a record for the A.E.F.—something over 200 cases operated in one shift of twelve hours. At first our wounded arrived very soon—wounds only six to twelve hours duration—but now we are getting some horrible cases—men who have been wounded four or five days. Nearly every case I have recorded to-

(Please Turn to Page 276)

U. S. Signal Corps

Operation in Field Hospital Unit

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Bonds and New Issues

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

FINANCIALLY SPEAKING, we are indeed in a changing world. Old standards of investment values and even rules of speculation have been so altered as to be scarcely recognizable. In the past twelve months interest rates have risen to the highest levels seen except when the country was on the verge of or in the throes of industrial depression. At such times money is tight because of inflated commodity prices, swollen inventories of unsalable goods and "frozen" bank credit.

Yet no such conditions exist. Inventories are not unduly large. Commodity prices are not inflated and are lower than a year ago. Bank credit is in no sense frozen, although some bankers do think too much of it is being used in the security markets. The Federal Reserve system's gold reserve is a quarter of a billion higher than last year, while Reserve Bank credit outstanding is nearly that much less.

Few whose experience in financial matters dates back as much as ten years would have predicted, or did predict for that matter, last autumn that, given an unbroken rise in money rates, the stock market would twelve months later be at a new peak. For they would not have considered it at all likely that business would attain record-breaking levels of production, distribution and profits, or that the investment and speculative markets would absorb an unprecedented amount of new security offerings. Yet all that has happened, even if at the moment it does look as though the high money rate fiddler is asking for his pay.

The key to what has taken place and is likely to occur lies in the change which has come about in the taste of investors. They have largely forsaken the bond market for stocks. Bonds have been the outstanding disappointment of the year. Since early last winter when Secretary of the Treasury Mellon suggested that it was time to buy bonds, prices of fixed-interest bearing securities have slowly but steadily declined. They are now lower than at any time since the autumn of 1925, when a strong forward movement which was to last more than two years was getting under way.

In declining while interest rates were rising, the bond market ran true to form. Upsets in the calculations came about because of higher corporation earnings in the face of rising money rates. How business activity kept up and confounded the prophets forms an interesting chapter in the story of American finance. Old theories were that dear money prevented corporations from borrowing, and that failure to secure new capital and current accommodation at low rates retarded expansion and production. That obstacle has been surmounted by the ability of corporations to turn from the bond to the stock market. Their stronger credit position and the insatiable appetite of the public for stocks furnish the explanation.

Altogether in the first eight months of this year our capital markets have taken in over billions of new stock and bond issues. Compared with the same period of last year the increase amounted to 25 per cent. It was 68 per cent higher than the first eight months of 1925. The bulk of this vast volume of securities was taken in the New York market. But in comparison with new securities offered the rise of two billions in broker loans this year does not seem particularly excessive.

A glance at the character of the year's new financing shows the effect of high money rates on the bond market. Whereas in 1927 and 1928 refunding bond issues—that is bonds sold to retire maturing obligations—were exceptionally large, their volume was sharply lower in the first eight months of the current year. It not only became no longer possible to refund at lower rates of interest, as was the case in the two preceding years, but bond operations of any kind often were hazardous except in the case of federal, state and municipal governments, railroads and the strongest utility and industrial concerns.

How the percentage of refunding issues to the total has declined may be seen from figures compiled by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*. Whereas refunding was 25.6 per cent of the total of $6,459,000 of new issues in 1928, it was only 11.9 per cent of the total of $8,074,000 this year. Deducting the stock issues used to refund bonds, the percentage is about cut in two and the total of $478,589,000 was the lowest since the War.

In addition to purely refunding operations numerous corporations have substituted stock issues for bond issues. The most important of these operations were those carried out by the United States Steel Corporation, which sold $142,000,000 of common stock to retire $303,000,000 of bond debt; the $119,000,000 stock issue of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company to retire $104,000,000 in bonds, and the $88,000,000 stock offering of the Bethlehem Steel Company for bond retirement.

New stock issues for the purpose of expansion and the offerings of investment trust stock have been record breaking, greatly exceeding total bond issues. Investment trusts alone this year have raised over $2,000,000,000 in new capital, against about $800,000,000 in the whole of last year.

It seems hardly likely that investors have permanently forsaken the bond market. However, domestic corporations have so strengthened their earnings and asset positions in recent years that their common stocks in a great many instances are entitled to investment merit and it is unlikely that bonds ever again will hold their old predominant position with investors. But there are signs that the tide is beginning to turn. Stocks recently have taken a severe dose of deflation, while bonds have improved.

Steady reduction of the Government debt, to the tune of a billion a year, the inability of Europe to borrow while money rates were so high and the stifling of a good deal of real estate and building borrowing have cut into the supply of the best grade of bonds. The federal government excepted, borrowing from these sources in all probability will increase at the first signs of a good bond market.

Holders of good bonds probably have seen the worst. Demand for them from banks and other institutions and private investors always will be considerable.

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Plan Days in Java to learn the lure of this tropic isle

WORLD TRAVELER AND AUTHOR OF "A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD." "WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA." "EAST OF SIAM."

HARRY A. FRANCK*

From SINGAPORE it is but a step across to the Dutch East Indies, which have fittingly been described as "a necklace of emeralds strung along the equator". Long, slender Java, swarming with more than thirty million picturesque peoples of the East, is a world in itself. Besides its vast plantations of sugar, coffee, indigo, rubber, it presents tropical scenes rarely surpassed. Yet Java is well governed and easily traveled, with splendid roads and some 3500 miles of railways, divided into two native principalities, yet all under the security of Holland.

Batavia, canal-filled as any city of Holland proper, is far-famed for its exotic air. Buitenzorg, the summer capital, not far away yet higher up, has a botanical garden justly renowned to the ends of the earth. Then there is Djokjakarta, whose ruler boasted two hundred wives and hundreds of children at last inventory, where tiger baiting is a favorite sport, to say nothing of a race meeting every spring to which Europeans come from everywhere in that corner of the globe.

And no journey to the East would be complete without a glimpse of Borobudur, greatest of Hindu temples. Picture to yourself a structure that is really a hill rising a hundred and fifty feet above the plain, the lower terrace five hundred feet long, with statues, exemplifying Hindu art at its height, so numerous that stood side by side they would reach for three miles; bas-reliefs compared with which any in Europe seem the mere scratchings of the cave men . . .

Harry A. Franck*

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Novels of the Week

JUDGING FROM *The Sound and the Fury*,[1] the first of his books which we have read, we should say that William Faulkner is Joyce's most able and most consistent American disciple. He is by no means a slavish imitator of Joyce's style, and only in the second section of *The Sound and the Fury* does his effort to follow it seem labored and unoriginal. But the discontinuity which is the outward evidence of the Joycean viewpoint is present in Mr. Faulkner's work, and Joyce's search for a clear way to investigate and express the broken motive patterns of human behavior is Mr. Faulkner's search, too. It seems to us, however, that his work is still no more than an exciting promise. For one thing, it is overstrongly marked by a juvenile preoccupation with the *melodramatic* aspects of tragedy, and by the distrust of familiar values which characterizes the work of so many writers of the present generation and limits their understanding of life. Mr. Faulkner has strong creative talent, and is richly sensitive to poetic emotion. *The Sound and the Fury* is a tragedy of disintegration. A southern family of gentle blood is shown in decay, its members, petty failures, drunkards, suicides, pathological perverts and idiots. Against the rottenness of the white family is set the full-living wholeness of their Negroes. In this contrast, there is the suggestion of a second theme, too faintly expressed to be clear. An unusual method of presentation is used in telling the story. It appears at first to require a key, as *Ulysses* does; but careful reading discloses the plot. Part One presents the tragedy as seen through the eyes of Benjy, the idiot son, a grown man thrown back into childhood by any chance sight or smell. Through his broken thoughts we learn of Caddy, a beloved sister, who has run away from the hideous home and sent back an illegitimate daughter. In Benjy's mind, mother and daughter are inextricably confused. In Part Two, we move back eighteen years and witness, through the workings of his mind, the last day in the life of Quentin, brother of Benjy and Caddy, the hope of the family, who has been sent to Harvard by a great and questionable effort, and who, in love with his sister, commits suicide as a protest against her deflowering and disgrace. Part Three brings us again into the present, where we look through the mean eyes of Jason, the third brother. His version of the family collapse is colored by his cheapness, bitterness, cock-sure "realism" and jealous hatred of Caddy's memory as expressed in her daughter. We see him, half mad, pull the shred of his own life to pieces in his effort to destroy her. And in the final part of the novel, in the author's direct narrative, the spectacle of white disintegration is shown and sharpened by the emphasis thrown upon Negro solidity. *The Sound and the Fury* is a novel of power and of terrible sincerity. We do, however, find that the theme, dramatic and potentially moving, loses much of its force and clarity by being presented, almost wholly, through subjective analysis. It takes a stronger hand than William Faulkner's to divert the stream of consciousness into channels of perfect usefulness and beauty.

Illustration by Alexander King for "Gulliver's Travels" (Limited Editions Club)

IN THE GOOD COMPANIONS,[2] Jessiah Oakroyd, carpenter, ran away from a nagging wife in Yorkshire, Inigo Jollifant, B.A. Cantab., ran away from a boys' school in the Fens, and Elizabeth Trant, spinster, ran away from loneliness in the Cotswolds. After some separate adventures, they joined forces at Rawsley, where Miss Trant (by this time there was no stopping her) bought a stranded vaudeville show, renamed it *The Good Companions*, and they all set out to make their fortunes; which they did, to the satisfaction of all concerned. *The Good Companions* is what the well-trained Book of the Month Club subscriber will read in October. But unorthodox readers are at liberty to enjoy it in November, or five years from next July. We can even conceive of its being read by every member of any family, and even reread. If we ever have time we shall reread it ourselves. It is possible to recommend it heartily without calling in any comparisons to Dickens or Thackeray to strengthen one's opinion. It is long enough to have suited either of them, and to suit readers who still like meaty books. There are scenes Dickens might have written, and he would have delighted in the badinage between Mr. Oakroyd and Miss Susie Dean, ingenue. But we haven't found any Thackeray in it. It suffices to call *The Good Companions* a robust and diverting tale, told in meandering fashion, lit by rich humor and warm sentiment and centered about a group of perenially engaging characters.

1. William Faulkner: Cape and Smith. $2.50.
2. J. B. Priestley: Harpers. $3.00.

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CHARIOT WHEELS[3] is fresh in writing if worn in theme, and is greatly enriched by the author's fine gift for characterization and by her sympathy for her characters. His wife and how many other women are bound to the chariot wheels of Lester Midge, successful novelist but "not quite a gentleman." His daughter breaks boldly away, and gives her father his "cumuppence" with true modern frankness. Lester Midge is one who should have lived upon Maurois's *Island of the Articoles*. He requires, for the purposes of his art, the stimulus of constantly changing loves of which he makes comedy or tragedy according to his needs. His wife comes painfully to an acceptance of his theories, and is herself consoled by the innocent devotion of Robin, a veritable Major Dobbin. The development of this theme, complicated by the sharp social distinction between Midge and Cressida, his wife, occupies the first half of the book. Then, by a change of the angle of narration, the reaction of Stella to her parent's problem is shown. As a human being, Midge is a disagreeable specimen. But this reviewer cannot question, as Sylvia Thompson seems to, the right of a novelist to get his emotions where he can and use his material as he will.

IT IS HARD to believe that so clever and able a critic as Gilbert Seldes could write so dull a novel as *The Wings of the Eagle*.[4] The story has to do with a back-to-the-farm movement inaugurated in a settlement of Poles and Jews in eastern America, thirty years ago. Lodor, who fosters the movement, is a man of Shelleyan principles and character. He loves and is loved by the wife of Gordon, who would perhaps characterize himself as a "practical idealist" while describing Lodor as a hopeless visionary. The wife, Anne, believes that Gordon's character is less estimable. The reader hardly knows what to think. Anne chooses to leave her husband for her lover, and the book deals chiefly with the development of the irregular relation and its effect upon Lodor and upon the community. The incidents are dramatic enough in content but are not effectively presented, and the characters make little appeal to the reader's emotions. The novel is written competently, as one might expect, but it reads like a tract.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Money and Marriage

IN BOTH *Married Money*[5] and *The Caddis*,[6] the actual protagonist is not one of the chief characters, but Money. We may infer that money plays the dominant rôle in American marriage today. The rather far-fetched title of *The Caddis* is derived from Charles Kingsley's nursery tale, *Water Babies*. The original Caddis was a mythical creature with a passion for bedizening itself in grotesque finery. Marion, the Caddis of the novel, is a woman whose passion for things, preferably costly things, is her salient quality. Dick, her husband, is a charming idealist, inveterately indulgent to his beautiful wife, after the fashion of the uxorious American husband. In some measure the author justifies Marion's contempt for Dick, by exposing his weak yielding to her silly whims, selfish demands and vulgar ambitions. As a study of American marriage the story compares not unfavorably with Sinclair Lewis's bitter denunciation of the American wife in *Dodsworth*.

In *Married Money*, we have an inordinately rich wife married to a poor young bond salesman. Although these two young people, hardly more than boy and girl, adore one another, they find that the possession of vast wealth and the resultant urge to spend all of it as rapidly as possible, becomes the all-important factor in their lives. Fortunately they are suddenly checked in their gorgeous career as spenders before their happiness is lost. This story is treated with extravagant humor, through which runs a vein of common sense. It is frankly a "light novel," but it is amusing and the character of the girl-wife is particularly life-like and appealing.

MARY SHIRLEY.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11.

The Dark Journey, by Julian Green: Harpers. A sombre drama of passion and introspection written in limpid prose. Reviewed Aug. 28.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday Doran. A comedy of changing fashions in morals, admirably written with fine balance and icy wit. Reviewed Aug. 7.

Ultima Thule, by H. H. Richardson: Norton. A heart-breaking chronicle of defeat, poverty and humiliation in late middle life. A noble and notable book. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporay literature will want to miss this novel. Reviewed in this issue.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Art of Thinking, by Abbe Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art.

The Specialist, by Chic Sale: Specialist Publishing Co. Life story and philosophy of a "privy-councillor."

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by David Loth: Brentano's. Clever rather than scholarly, this chronicle of a gorgeous period is nevertheless vivid and of absorbing interest.

IN HIS LIGHT fiction technique, W. B. Maxwell handles a nice problem in psychology with skill and freshness. *The Man Who Pretended*[7] is the story of Oswald Raike who, at the outset of his adult life "had thought, 'I am intrinsically a rotter. My only chance is to conceal the loathesome fact and to pose as the kind of person that I really ought to be,'" and who thereupon proceeded to live an unusually decent and entirely altruistic life. Through an interesting though by no means unusual plot, peppered with melodramatic incidents, Maxwell shows how his hero did in very truth become the man he pretended to be, although he believed himself, to the last, to be a sham. This story of the calculating man posing as the selfless one, the sensualist posing as the humanitarian, the coward, as the hero suggests that seeming to be is as good as being (except to the seemer), and should please those who like easy reading about hard problems.

SWINNERTON'S *Sketch of a Sinner*[8] is not drawn by a tyro. The hand that put in its firm lines and its warm

3. By Sylvia Thompson: Little, Brown and Co. $2.50.
4. By Gilbert Seldes: Little, Brown and Co. $2.50.
5. By Harford Powell, Jr.: Atlantic Monthly Press (Little, Brown). $2.50.
6. By Marjorie Bartholomew Paradis: Century. $2.50.
7. By W. B. Maxwell: Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
8. By Frank Swinnerton: Doubleday, Doran and Co. $2.50.

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shadows is artful and highly trained. And it is not wasted, here, as it has been too often, on a trivial subject. The novel is dramatic and is marked by a fine character study of a type of woman not unusual in life but infrequently met in fiction. The story calls to mind the French song, *Si le coeur de ma mie n'etait pas si petit, dans ce coeur il y'aurait place pour plus d'un grand ami.* In Lydia's young heart there is room for three but the heart is sadly torn in holding them. She loves her husband, the aging, absent-minded, generous Sebastian; and she loves Ambrose, mad dying poet who adores her; and Gerard, the "Mussolini-Napoleon" who appears in every crisis in her life. And her emotions are the subtle mixture of playful doting daughter, and distraught mother and caveman's bride. Swinnerton handles his complex and delicate subject with intelligence and tenderness, and writes with the finished grace which one associates with his best work.

Behind the Blurbs

☙ ☙ ☙ Interpretations of Jabberwocky have been many and foolish, and our own, induced by a rereading of that masterpiece in the new *Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll,*[9] is certainly as foolish as any, but it is nevertheless apropos. You remember how the Jabberwock,

"with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!"

A perfect description of our idea of the blurbist, who writes the descriptions of the contents of books on their jackets, Burble: i.e. emit blurbs. And the wood, of course, is the blurbist's habitat, that dense forest of current literature which surrounds our civilization and whose lush and lusty life is forever irritatingly encroaching on the cleared fields and sunny peaceful kitchen gardens where our personal ideas and preferences grow. ☙ ☙ ☙

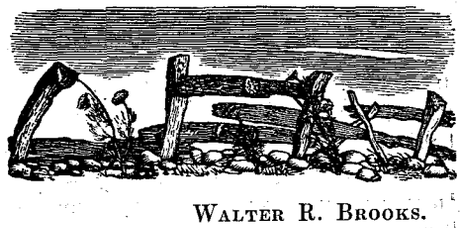
Decorations on this page by J. J. Lankes from "A Victorian Village" by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Doubleday, Doran)

A lot of Lewis Carroll's verses are appropriate to this column. One other instance.

"I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before."

What more apt description of the present state of literary criticism? ☙ ☙ ☙ Well, well; we suppose what you want is facts. So we'll tell you about The Travelers' Library, a series of dollar books, 27 of which Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith are bringing out. They are designed primarily for the traveler's pocket, are 7 by 4¾ inches, and of uniform thickness. Among them are books by Percy Lubbock, W. H. Davies, Arthur Machen, D. H. Lawrence and Martin Armstrong. Also Mark Rutherford, whom we shall no longer have any excuse for not reading. ☙ ☙ ☙ Macmillan will soon publish a biography of Marshal Foch, by Major General Sir G. G. Aston—also a new book of poems by Vachel Lindsay, which are written to be danced as well as read. Instructions for dancing them are, we understand, included. ☙ ☙ ☙ We have just finished Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms.*[10] "We may be wrong, but we think it's wonderful." It concerns the love of an American lieutenant and an English nurse, set, on the Italian front, against the background of war. It has as you read it that quality of warmth, of actuality, of closeness that only your own personal experiences have for you. It was so real to us that we felt, as we do ordinarily in our own life, that it must just go, that nothing very dramatic or tragic was going to happen—could happen. And that disappointed us a little, because after all we *were* reading a novel. Then when catastrophes come, they have the same quality of awfulness that they do have in your own experience. This book enriches you. ☙ ☙ ☙ Thomas Boyd's *Mad Anthony Wayne*[11] gives a splendid portrait of that Revolutionary general. Having won a reputation as a fighter, it was the tragedy of his life that he had to continue fighting until he died. He never won back to his home and family, to the quiet rural life he desired. Always there was another job for him to do. ☙ ☙ ☙ We understand that the English professors of two mid-Western colleges have recommended *The Well of Loneliness* to their students as a model in English composition. Well, well! ☙ ☙ ☙ To the Mississippi steamboat men the $10 notes of the Banque des Citoyens of New Orleans were known as "dixies" because on the back of each note was engraved "dix," the French word for ten. Hence Dixieland, according to Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's *The Pageant of the Packets,*[12] which we recommend as an excellent and authoritative history of Mississippi steamboating. ☙ ☙ ☙ Julia Peterkin has joined the editorial Board of the Literary Guild. ☙ ☙ ☙ La Fayette has always seemed to us an unimportant, if romantic figure. A very young and typical example of a nation "fond of light wines and dancing," who lent the glory of his name and his rather mediocre abilities to the cause of American freedom; who spent most of his time in this country being dashing and gallant, staying in thousands of houses which still remember his visits, and kissing the hands of millions of our great grandmothers. But a perusal of Brand Whitlock's *La Fayette*[13] has altered our view. He was evidently a much more important figure than that. He was a champion of liberty all his life—a champion who made himself felt. His life is an important page in that history of liberty of which the American Revolution was a chapter. And Mr. Whitlock has given us a well rounded portrait.

9. Dutton $3.00.
10. Scribners $2.50.
11. Scribners $3.50.
12. Holt $3.00.
13. Appleton $10.00.



Walter R. Brooks.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

We have alluded several times to the large number of books on Roman Catholicism published in the last year or so. Among the new fall books two more are worthy of mention. Hilaire Belloc, the brilliant English Catholic writer, has just brought out a scintillating volume called *Survivals and New Arrivals* (Macmillan) in which he cleverly points out that the old forms of attack on the Church, such as the Biblical attack of the Protestants and the materialistic onslaught of the scientists, have broken down. They still survive, but their force is spent. Today the vigorous anti-Church movements are Nationalism and the so-called "Modern Mind." These are the new arrivals. They are the real enemy in this generation. This is an excellent popular defense of the Catholic Church. Any one who imagines that the Catholic position is not intellectually respectable will be disillusioned by reading this book. *The Catholic-Protestant Mind,* by Conrad Henry Moehlman (Harpers), is a brief but clear history of the Roman Catholic Church, showing both its theory and its practice. It is written with the purpose of helping Americans to understand the Church in its relationships to them. It contains the latest data on the strength of the Church in the United States. This is a valuable sketch of the Church in its relations to temporal governments. It deserves a wide reading.

But of course the fall religious books deal with other themes besides Catholicism and Protestantism as such. It is particularly pleasing to find that so many of them are grappling with the fundamental religious problems. Richard Roberts in *The Christian God* (Macmillan) considers the basic problem of God. Roberts is one of the most original Christian thinkers of our day. He has no fear of modern thought. He welcomes science and its evolutionism and in the process of nature he finds God. But in Jesus on the Cross he finds Him far more. Here is a book for those to whom religion is vital, who feel its call and are not afraid to face its problems. Such folk, too, will enjoy and appreciate a short book by Professor Eddington, called *Science and the Unseen World* (Macmillan). In this volume he gives more of his religious slant than was possible in his epoch-making *The Nature of the Physical World.* While rejecting creeds, Eddington is, to use his own phrase, "possessed by a living belief." This book has the same winsomeness of style which won so much praise in his former volume. *Do We Need a New Religion?* by Paul Arthur Schilpp (Henry Holt & Company), faces a question which is in many people's mind today, as evidenced by the increasing prominence of the Humanist movement. The author, a professor of philosophy, has thought deeply and he writes clearly about the state of religion today. He is convinced that there has been no real decline of true religious interest and living.

This is true, but it is also true that the churches have not met adequately men's need. A new religion is needed, but that new religion, the only one which can meet the need, is the one professed in theory but repudiated in practice, by millions who have borne the name Christian, that is, the religion of Jesus himself. This is an excellent resumé of the religious situation in 1929, with constructive suggestions as to the way out. *Conflicts in Religious Thought,* by Georgia Harkness (Henry Holt), is also a book by a professor of philosophy. In it the author takes up the various religious problems, such as God, prayer, immortality, evil, and considers them in the light of common sense and present day science and modern philosophy.

This book is lucid in style and thoroughly fair in its presentation of the various views about these religious problems. It would be decidedly worth while as a guide book for leaders of groups who are willing to do honest thinking in this field. We recommend it highly. *Signs of These Times,* by Willard L. Sperry, Dean of the Theological School in Harvard (Doubleday, Doran), contains a series of lectures upon this theme. These lectures present the religious attitudes which we see in our era, and evaluate our present day religious tendencies. They are to be commended both for their content and their style. They are genuinely helpful, especially the last two which deal with Humanism and Mysticism. But yet, when we think of the multitude of religious voices in our day, and the conspicuous lack of agreement in what they tell us, we cannot but wonder whether any one is wise enough to read the signs of these times.

Edmund B. Chaffee.

THREE OCTOBER BOOKS

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM

A SURVEY OF THE PRESENT POSITION

edited by Sir James Marchant $3.00

Is reunion desirable?
Is it probable?
Is it possible?

Thirteen honest answers to these questions by

CARDINAL BOURNE
for the Roman Catholic Church
ARCHBISHOP GERMANOS
for the Eastern Orthodox Church
OTTO DIBELIUS
for the Protestant Churches of Germany
ARCHBISHOP SÖDERBLOM
for the Church of Sweden
THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
for the Church of England
ALFRED E. GARVIE
for the Free Churches in England
J. SCOTT LIDGETT
for the Wesleyan Methodist Church
ALEXANDER MARTIN
for the Churches of Scotland
WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN
for the Churches of America
BISHOP MANNING
for the Protestant Episcopal Church
T. ALBERT MOORE
for the United Church of Canada
VEDENAYAKAN AZARIAH
for the Anglican Church in India
W. E. ORCHARD
"A Vision of the Reunited Church"

TRUTHS TO LIVE BY

by J. Elliot Ross $2.00

Introduction by Glenn Frank

Father Ross has devoted most of his priestly life to the religious interests of students in secular universities, notably at the University of Texas and Columbia University. He considers the fundamentals of religion, writing to those who find it hard, in this "age of science," to have any religious faith. "Father Ross . . . is neither flippant with the faithless nor fanatic in the statement of his faith. He is deeply concerned with the intrinsic rather than the incidental aspects of religion."

GLENN FRANK

ROBBING YOUTH OF ITS RELIGION

by James F. Halliday $2.00

Former Senator Wadsworth says: "This spiritual autobiography paints the picture of youth, exposes the dangers which surround it, and lays the blame where it belongs. It is controversial. Why shouldn't it be? It deals with the most vital problems of life."

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE LEADING ARTICLE of the next issue will be "A New England Pope" by Charles J. V. Murphy. In this portrait of Cardinal O'Connell, Mr. Murphy, a frequent contributor to *The Outlook and Independent*, describes the amazing rise to power in Boston and New England of the only American who has attained the distinction of being mentioned as a possible aspirant to the Papacy. Mr. Murphy also discusses Cardinal O'Connell's non-apparent relation to the present regime of censorship in Boston.

AGAIN WE return to Prohibition, this time not without authority. In "This Prohibition Wilderness" Governor Albert C. Ritchie defends Maryland's refusal to enact a State enforcement law and analyses the respective powers and duties of the States and the Federal Government under the Eighteenth Amendment. "The authority of a State," Governor Ritchie declares, "to pass State prohibition laws, including laws to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, does not come from that amendment at all. It comes from the State's reserved powers, guaranteed by the Tenth Amendment."

WHETHER YOU like them or not, the talkies have come to stay and the demand for them is steadily increasing. In "The Jumbled Talkies" Creighton Peet, motion picture critic for the *New York Evening Post*, explains some of the many problems the talkies have created for the producers. The chief difficulty seems to be in producing talkies for the foreign market.

ALTHOUGH NOT A PART of Mr. Pottle's book, the concluding installment of "Stretchers" was especially prepared for *The Outlook and Independent* by the author. In it Mr. Pottle describes the armistice, the allied occupation of the Rhineland as he saw it, and the disillusionment which he experienced at the conclusion of the War and his return to America.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IF ALL AMERICAN LADIES follow the advice set forth in Sophie Treadwell's new play, *Ladies Leave*, there will indeed yawn the Great Moral Abyss predicted with so much relish by Dr. Straton and Company—including one of the characters in the Treadwell drama. Don't buy Palmolive or listen to any of the beauty specialists, intimates the playwright. Take a lover: and be beautiful. All lovers are. To get the lover just try subjective psychology instead of objective advertising, and you'll get one, if there are any left. All of which may be true.

But consider the American business man in the face of such a revolt. Miss Treadwell's modern Norah doesn't leave this *Doll's House* until she has "taken" a lover; found him useless—as useless, emotionally speaking, as her publisher husband, and has concluded that as a class American men are quite useless to American women except as providers. From the actions of the gentlemen in the play we even draw the conclusion that all American men are quite deficient sexually; and in the end find themselves potent only in business and objective life; which includes sport. So, off to Vienna, goes Zizi—Vienna, where men are psychoanalyzed, and Love Begins!

An amusing play; compounded of equal parts of *Caprice* and *March Hares*, and in one rôle, at least, beautifully acted. This is our honest opinion of *Ladies Leave*, Charles Hopkins's new production. Deliberately presented for the delectation of the so-called sophisticated and intellectual, we found it fundamentally as witty and true as it is wildly farcical and absurd. In fact it seemed to us to be precisely what *March Hares* tried to be and wasn't. Probably it was only a question of time before the newer psychology ideas current in social circles found their way to stage comedy. Whether they are yet enough understood to be made the basis for a successful play—meaning success measured by the box office—is another matter. Yet, despite its faults, *Ladies Leave* is a success from a dramatic standpoint. In most of the newspaper reviews it is badly represented, which may spell failure for it. But artistically, again excepting its occasional faults, it is a genuine effort. If you are a person who is amused by the deft farcical presentation of real ideas, do not miss it before it leaves the boards. Walter Connolly's interpretation of the bewildered, successful publisher is as excellent a portrait as hangs in Broadway's gallery of humor.

All thinking, on the contrary, seems to be completely absent from P. G. Wodehouse's effort *Candlelight*, Gilbert Miller's endeavor at the Empire Theatre to give Gertrude Lawrence a proper vehicle. So meagre, in fact, is the character of the rôle afforded Miss Lawrence that Reginald Owen walks away with the show.

We have remarked before on the curious fate which seems to await what we are pleased to call *Saturday Evening Post* humor when it attempts to stride the hustings. A smile, a laugh, a dwindling, attenuated story, and soon only your favorite actors giving an example of what their exceptional talent can do with no material whatever. A banal plot—it is actually the ancient yarn of the master and the mistress and the valet and the maid playing each other's parts in life for an evening!—no reality, no emotion; and in the end a one-dimensional, cardboard farce: *Candlelight* itself afforded us meagre amusement.

Particularly to see Gertrude Lawrence stifling her many abilities beneath the cloak of a servant girl who merely takes supper, in disguise, in a strange gentleman's apartment—it made us unhappy. No dancing, no songs, no mimicry, even no romance!

Yet Gertrude Lawrence, Leslie Howard and Reginald Owen are so gifted that even the boxes were filled with dress shirts and evening gowns on the night we were present.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- Porgy

WE WEREN'T QUITE SO CRAZY ABOUT:
- Gambling
- Scarlet Pages
- Let Us Be Gay
- Hot Chocolates
- Almanac
- Whoopee
- Sketch Book
- Cape Cod Follies
- Soldiers and Women
- Follow Thru

WE DIDN'T LIKE:
- Street Singer
- A Night in Venice
- Strong Man's House
- New Moon
- Commodore Marries

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Disraeli"

IN TRANSFERRING *Disraeli* to the screen, the Warner Brothers have decided (or George Arliss, the star, has decided for them) that it were better to leave the elaborate old drama exactly as it was on the stage, and run no risk of invidious comparison.

Therefore, those persons who have never seen Mr. Arliss in his famed characterization, across the footlights, may now witness a celluloid replica of the same, and may feel sure that they are being in no wise defrauded.

To watch Mr. Arliss act is a liberal education. Barring occasional mechanical difficulties, the Vitaphone projects this capital performer's method as effectively as his flesh-and-blood self could do—with the result that his first talking photoplay is an unquestioned success.

The action drags at times, just as the action has dragged in every talkie so far made that followed closely a stage play. Nevertheless this is less a matter, in the case of *Disraeli,* of method than material. The parent version was by no means free of intervals wherein the audience coughed, shuffled its feet and nervously adjusted its elbows, only to be reduced again to immobility by that veteran trouper, Mr. Arliss.

The reviewer's mandate is clearly to advise all filmgoers that they see this picture, that apes so reverently the devices of the stage, because its star is so essentially a stagey actor. A clever adapter could have taken *Disraeli* to pieces and made of it an entertainment superior in every way to the one now filling the Warner screens; but the greater variety of scene and acceleration of pace would perhaps have been less well suited to the exploitation of George Arliss's abilities—and that would be a pity. Mr. Arliss won't live forever and *Disraeli* is probably his most conspicuous achievement. It should be perpetuated for posterity, just as he first conceived it.

The particular incident in Disraeli's career that Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, has turned to for his plot is the acquisition for England of the Suez Canal. The brilliant Jew is shown disposing, by wile and wit, by ruse and subterfuge, of the foes, native and foreign, that sought to balk his project. His wife (well-played, as on the stage, by Mrs. Arliss) is ill and he must carry on, despite his concern for her. During the "carrying-on" scenes, through which Mr. Arliss steps with such unerring tread, the audience is more than once given cause for rejoicing that Al Jolson isn't playing the part. . . .

The production given to *Disraeli* by the Warners is above reproach; the cast supporting Mr. and Mrs. Arliss is well chosen and well drilled. Joan Bennett in particular is very good to look at. If you want to see—as you *should* want to see—one of the century's most agreeable actors at the top of his form, by all means pay Mr. Arliss a visit.

"Hallelujah"

IT TOOK us quite by surprise, this widely-touted Negro epic. Nearly every reviewer whose comments we saw handed out eulogy upon eulogy to King Vidor and his performers, and some even implied that The Great American Movie was at last upon us.

So we went to see *Hallelujah* and found it one of the phoniest photoplays we had ever attended. It imitates *Porgy,* it imitates *The Emperor Jones;* its hero is a Broadway cullud gen'man impersonating a field-hand turned revivalist. Its plot is nil and its conclusion weak. With the exception of *The Patsy* it's the only really poor picture we've ever seen directed by King Vidor. So, there you have it.

To Our Mind

Bulldog Drummond (Talking). Ronald Colman in his sensational success.

Flight (Talking). Fine air scenes, good comedy and acting—and some love blah.

Paris Bound (Talking). A transcription of Philip Barry's successful stage play.

The Dance of Life (Talking). Hal Skelly does his old **Burlesque** part, and Nancy Carroll helps him—good backstage drama.

The Hollywood Revue (Talking). All the M-G-M stars appear, except Greta Garbo. The show is good of its kind (faint praise).

The Lady Lies (Talking). An unusual subject for the movies, with Walter Huston, Claudette Colbert, Charles Ruggles.

Married in Hollywood (Talking). Screen musical comedy. Not bad in spots.

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State of New York, County of New York, ss.— Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

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(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County, Clerk's No. 124; New York County Register's No. 0-88; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1930.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

KITCHEN RANGING, by Pearl Adam (Cape and Smith), contains we don't know how many unusual recipes from all over the world. It is written in the interests of those who are supporters of the regional cookery, which is being supplanted gradually by what the author calls international cookery. It is a sort of round the world cruise in a skillet, and while there are some dishes mentioned that we'd rather not try, such as Stewed Black Cantonese Cat, many others sound extremely interesting. We'd specially like to try the Australian Passion-Fruit Tart. The book is very entertainingly written.

SOME VERY BEAUTIFUL hand quilted things—bed spreads, comforters, pillows, throws, bed jackets, pajamas, robes, negligees, and many smaller things—are made by Kentucky Cottage Industries, which employs the women of a certain section of Kentucky where quilting is an art handed down through many generations. Some of the finest specimens of their work are in Trapunto quilting, a complicated method by which the design, in several colors, is produced in an embossed effect. There are quilted spreads in oil print and linen, with an appliqued design, unlined taffeta spreads, corded and with designs in Trapunto, comforters in satin, taffeta, crepe de chine, china silk, silk mull and punjab prints, hand quilted, scalloped and bound, and filled with pure wool, and all in a variety of colors and designs.

BUSINESS MEN have now their own book club—the Business Book League—which takes from them all the wear and tear, worry and trouble, which they have douotless undergone in the past when selecting something informative and up to date to read. *The New Place of the Stockholder,* by J. H. Sears, is the October selection. We hope the doctors won't form an Operation of the Month League.

SKOUR-NU CLEANING CREAM sounds good to us, who occasionally spill soup on our waistcoat. You apply the cream with a little brush, and then wipe it off, and lo! the fabric is like new. Leaves no ring, and is odorless and non-inflammable.

WE HAVE A very nice twenty-three piece after dinner coffee service in a rosy-white glaze with a sort of haphazard modern pattern in green yellow and orange, for only $5.94. Nearly six dollars, you grumble. Yes, but the sugar bowl and coffee pot have flat covers that sit inside the tops—very neat, and the pot has a nice long snout.

AT STERN'S was the Cig-a-lite, which you connect electrically to the battery of your car. On the road, with the wind blowing out your matches as fast as you light them, you simply press the button and down drops a cigarette, which is lighted and even puffed once with a second pressure. Of course you have to smoke the cigarette yourself. There's also a small ash tray attached to the contraption.

AT LORD AND TAYLOR'S we saw some pure linen dish towels, very soft and absorbent, bordered in color or striped in two tones; also pure linen glass towels in solid green, blue or yellow, with a band border. Also a printed crash cloth, fifty-two inches square, and napkins sixteen inches square, with plain centers and wide borders of gay plaid.

HAVILAND CHINA designed by Lalique at very reasonable prices is to be seen at Macy's, who have a "hostess consultant" on hand to assist you in making up a set which combines correctly several different designs. This is another instance of the trend in department stores to add always more and more services for the customer. Saks-Fifth Avenue has a fat reducing service called the Silhouette Shop, which is now functioning.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER has a play gun for children which works exactly like a double-barrelled shotgun. There are two shells which are inserted in the breech, just as in a regular gun. Each shell contains a coil spring, and the gun is loaded by compressing these springs and putting a small ball in the end of each shell. Extra balls and a target go with the gun.

WE HAVE SEEN a rowing machine, combining ten different exercises, which folds compactly into a small traveling case. It is called the Seat of Health, and is 48 by 17 inches when opened up. It is very strongly built of aluminum, and the action is silent.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

THE TWO POLICEMEN had reason to feel proud of themselves. They had met the big black man from the rear just as he stepped out unceremoniously from the warehouse window. The loot was in his arms—bolts of silk and velvet gathered up too carelessly and hastily to be anything but stolen goods. His attitude was against him, the daylight was against him. His rolling eyes and innocent expression were of no use to him now.

"Well, Buddy," said Cop One cheerfully, "I reckon we got the goods on you."

The black man, who for all his size was only a boy, grinned doubtfully.

"Sho nuff?" he asked uncertainly.

"Hand it over!" spoke up Cop Two, more sternly, and leading his unwilling victim to the office of the warehouse, superintended the painful unburdening.

The prisoner made no further remonstrances. His manner, both chastened and apologetic, suggested that unexpected developments had left him a broken reed. The visit to the office broke him further. And as he walked slowly toward the police station his mournful disintegration began to affect his companions.

It was Cop One who succumbed first to the creeping depression. He stole a sidelong glance at the prisoner's face. After all he was only a boy. This was a bad break for him. First offense, probably. And what if it wasn't? What show had a nigger in a white man's civilization? All instinct and no brains. That was the nigger of it. The poor kid wanting silks for some jezebel—he hadn't a chance in life.

Cop Two stared ahead of him as he walked. Thought he could beat the game, did he? Thought he was smart enough to get away from the police? Trouble with these niggers, they had no sense and didn't know it. They couldn't get away with purse snatching, stall swiping, let alone plan a burglary.

A mournful, hesitating voice broke upon the philosophic silence.

"I reckon—I'm a-headin'—foh a good long res' in de jailhouse—dis heah time."

Both cops turned their heads abruptly towards the prisoner. Cop One nodded solemnly.

"If you wasn't young," said Cop Two darkly, "you'd never come out."

The prisoner shuddered so visibly that Cop One whacked him suddenly on the shoulder. "Buck up," he said.

"No use gettin' sore," said Cop Two, gruffly. "Won't help you none."

"No suh, gemman, no suh," came the retort. "You gemman is mighty kind," the troubled voice went on, "on'y I—"

"Well, what?" asked Cop One. "Yes-suh, boss, what I was aimin' at, seein' I was to be so long at de jailhouse, could I change mah suit? What I mean is—could I git home and change mah suit? I got a good one," he wound up.

"How far you live?"

"On'y to the corner, boss, an' down aways."

"Get along then. We'll stick by you."

It was a southern city. The neighborhood, respectably white, had a trick of sliding suddenly into a dubious black.

"What's your name?" asked Cop One abruptly as their prisoner pushed open the door of a once imposing mansion.

"Jasper Jackson," came the resigned answer. "I lives on de fo'th flo."

The fourth floor, when they reached it was empty and silent.

"Got a family?" asked Two.

"Out wukkin', yessuh, boss," responded Jasper. He opened a door as he spoke and with the cops behind him entered a bedroom. From the closet he took with pride a newly pressed grey suit. The Cops eyed each other sympathetically.

"Got a suitcase, kid?" asked Cop One. "Well, take it out and pack up."

"Yessuh, Boss. Thank you suh," said Jasper with alacrity, producing the suitcase from the depths of the closet.

Cop Two grabbed the suitcase unceremoniously. "Give us the stuff," he said curtly, "we'll pack while you change your duds."

The packing went on briskly as Jasper alternately climbed into the grey suit and tossed his possessions to the cops.

"This your watch?" asked Cop One frowning.

"Yessuh, Boss."

"It's got a A on it. A. I. J."

"My pappy—he was Archibald. Archibald Ichabod Jackson. But he call me Jasper."

Another sympathetic look passed between the cops.

At the last moment, Jasper lifted from the bureau a pair of gold rimmed eyeglasses. These he pinched carefully upon his nose. He picked up the suitcase. With a self-assurance that amounted to a strut, he led the little procession of three to the jail house.

Later—much later—the two Cops were getting ready to go off duty.

But all in a moment, the doors burst open. A man—dishevelled—wild-eyed rushed to the desk. To the astounded walls they heard him shouting.

"I've been robbed! In daylight! My house broken into! My clothes gone—suitcase—eyeglasses—gold watch."

"What initials?" interrupted Cop One in a small voice.

"Initials? My own, of course! A. I. J. Andrew Inness Jones."

Lunatics of the Air

(Continued from Page 250)

was certain, perhaps it would cost them both their lives. It would be a simple matter for him to quit the plane in safety, and let the stupid ass pay for his unreasonable cowardice. But Lieutenant Sweely seems not to have been that kind of a man. He stuck with his ship.

With rare skill and courage, he pancaked the ship into the cushioned top of a group of closely meshed pines, which greatly broke the force of impact. Sweely was terribly hurt, but lived. The passenger was no more than scratched. Life is like that.

These, however, are individual cases. Nothing is yet settled. The status of the parachute in aviation has long been puzzling. Here is a safety device that has had a remarkable record, that has already saved more than 200 lives with a remarkably small percentage of failures. It is not inconvenient to wear, and is not uncomfortable to use.

And yet, for years, commercial operators shunned it because: first, it cost several hundred dollars and, secondly, because they reasoned that to compel every passenger to wear one would be an open avowal that even a routine flight had the element of danger.

Fortunately, this ostrich-like attitude is passing. Practically every mail line now provides their pilots with parachutes. Schools are compelling their students to wear them.

What other imprints the Age of Flight will leave upon the nation, it is too early to predict. If the automobile accomplished the decentralization of cities, and made us a nation of gypsies, then it seems reasonable to expect that the airplane will carry out this movement to its logical conclusion. As airplanes become cheaper, easier to fly, as another decade or two should establish, more and more people will use them.

(Please Turn to Page 279)

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Sport and the Radio

By JOHN R. TUNIS

THERE has just appeared in the daily press large quarter page advertisements entitled, "A Challenge and An Answer," signed by Mr. William C. Grunow, the vice-president of the Grigsby-Grunow Co., makers of "Majestic Radio, the Mighty Monarch of the Air." In rather grandiloquent language we are told that professional sports are going off the air, that "The Loughran-Sharkey fight was kept 'off the radio.' So was the Heeney-Campolo encounter, August 15. I am informed that this is the last World's Series that will be broadcast in any way and that both major baseball leagues have voted to prohibit radio accounts of next season's games."

Now all this hits me right where I live. A World's Series game, what with begging a ticket off the sporting editor, what with the getting there and getting away, can be a good deal of a bore. But nothing in all sport can give me the thrill of those cool, competent words of the announcer over the radio. "Ball one . . . Ball two . . . Strike two." And then to hear the crisp crack of a bat directed by one hundred and eighty pounds of muscle as it leans against the ball and sends it for a clean two bagger to right! That is something worth while. One of the greatest moments that I can remember in sport was that September evening back in 1923 when four of us sat hushed and hunched around two ear phones listening with quickened pulses to the stalwart Mr. Firpo as he knocked Mr. Dempsey through the ropes. And I would rather tune in on Mr. McNamee at a football game, observe him pick up the ball, run with it, drop it, pick it up again, sidestep, and fumble once more, than anything else I know. Yes, even than hear Mr. Woollcott, my favorite radio performer, make *gaffes* about generals shooting in Scotland. And according to Mr. Grunow, who presumably knows what he is talking about, sport over the radio is soon to be no more. A serious matter.

Why is it that sport is so entrancing and so interesting over the radio? Well, mostly, I suppose, because it makes demands upon our imagination. Thus when we are told that "it is Yale's ball on Princeton's two yard line," we do not need to be told any more. We can picture the whole scene. We can see the Yale stands rising in appeal for a touchdown, the cheerleaders dancing down below, we watch the tumult over on the Princeton side of the field, we visualize for ourselves the little knot of players lining up almost under the goalposts. And we are stimulated thereby. Just as we are stimulated when with three men on base and the score tied in the ninth inning of a World's Series game we hear that fatal; "Ball three . . . Strike two . . . " This, our imagination tells us, is the mighty moment. For the truth is that we can see the whole scene much better than we could were we on the field. Our senses are aroused, our perception quickened. When Mr. Grunow declares that "no human agency on earth can portray any contest as vividly . . . as action broadcast," I am with him from the opening kick-off until the final whistle.

When, however, he remarks that "the law of mathematical average will work in favor of sport like it works toward human efficiency of any kind," I am not with him because it is hard to know exactly what he means. And when he says that "professional sport in America is too essential . . . to govern its conduct wholly in terms of how many dollars clicked past the turnstiles today," I am not with him at all. In fact my inclination is to stand up and shout, rubbish. Especially as he further states in his pronunciamento that "sportsmen in the very essence of the term will aim 'not merely to achieve a dollar but to confer a benefit.' "

Maybe so. But the gentlemen who run professional sport are not sportsmen in the least, nor have they any pretensions to be. They are business men like Mr. Grunow, a very different thing. If they were interested in sport they might possibly become the altruists Mr. Grunow suggests. But they are not. They are interested in money, in the clicking turnstiles. And a good job, too, for if they were not, there would be no big boxing matches and no World's Series games and even perhaps no radio. They are in boxing and baseball just as Mr. Grunow is in the radio business, to make money and not as he intimates to confer a blessing upon humanity. And just why they should be requested to give away the results of their labors for the ultimate profit of Mr. Grunow and his associates is a bit hard to understand. Did they act upon his idea they would certainly not be business men, and before long there would be no professional sport existing to go upon the air. To say that professional sport is too big to occupy itself with the turnstile is to talk cant and to say the thing that is not.

It is presumptious of me to differ from Mr. Grunow, who is the vice-president of a big manufacturing concern, whereas I am not even the vice-president of an investment trust; but if he expects the professional sports promoters to give up their profits through possible customers by allowing their events to be sent over the radio, he should set an example by giving up his possible future profits and presenting his "Mighty Monarch of the Air" to every one who writes requesting one.

St. Mihiel and the Argonne

(Continued from Page 265)

night was an amputation, sometimes a double amputation. There is a man on the table now with his right arm blown off, right shoulder smashed, skull fractured, both legs wounded in thighs, knees, and calves. They are giving him a saline infusion, and think he will live. . . .

"From these last few days one or two pictures remain indelibly stamped on my memory. The first is that of a boy with a badly shattered arm, which had been put up in a hastily improvised splint of sticks and hay. I see him as he lay on the table, telling us how, after being picked up by first aid, and bandaged, he was sent back to a field hospital. The hospital was choked with wounded, and he and many others were lined up on litters along the road. Two German planes came over, and flying low, turned their machine guns on the wounded and the men who were caring for them. Two surgeons who were splinting his arm were killed on the spot. Many of the wounded were hit again, and some died in the ambulance on the way here. The boy told it simply, as though it were quite an ordinary, matter-of-fact occurrence.

"The next picture is that of a German boy we operated on. The prisoners receive exactly the same treatment as our own wounded. The ward reserved for them was filled long ago, and you can see them now in nearly all the wards, mixed in with our men, distinguishable from them only by the black letters 'G.P.' (German prisoner) painted on one cheek with silver nitrate. I have seen our surgeons, so tired they are ready to drop, work as patiently and carefully on these German wounded as our own. This boy was eighteen years old. His leg was

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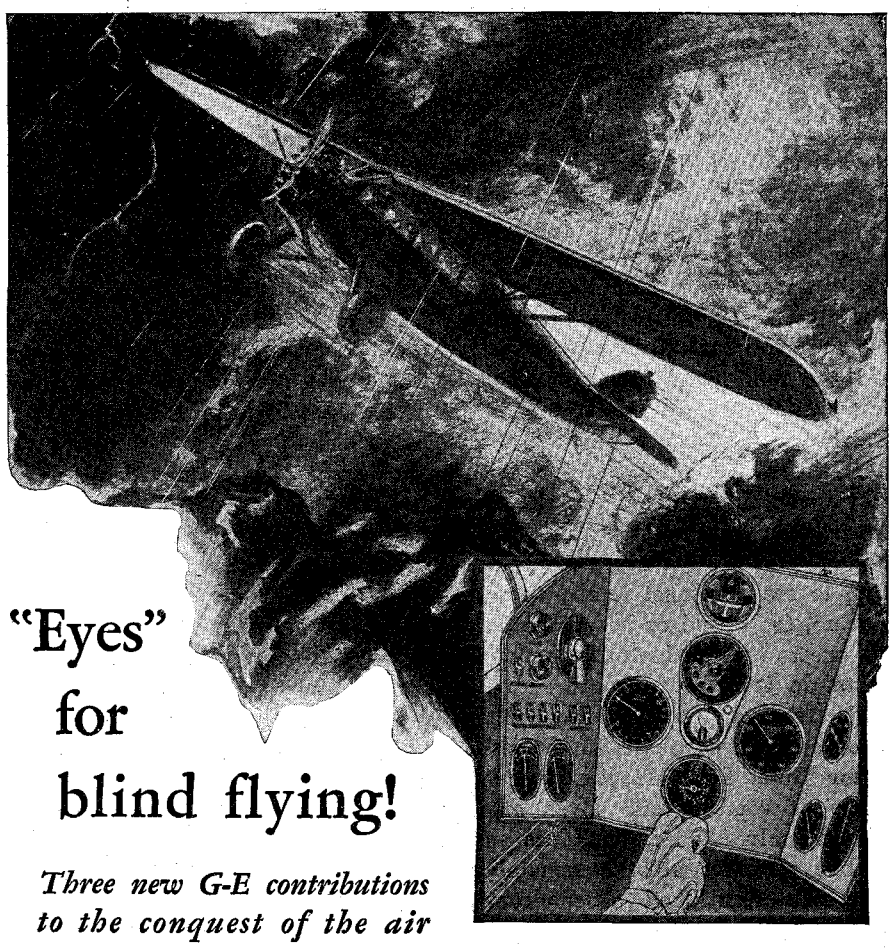
smashed, and he had a big gash on his head. He looked strangely like M. and the more I watched, the closer seemed the resemblance. When we shaved his head, he wrinkled his forehead exactly as M. used to do when something hurt him. He was in the last stages of exhaustion, and his mind wandered. His voice was thinned by fatigue until it sounded like a little boy's. Through all, he had clung to a big leather wallet full of his treasures —letters from home, a pathetic little expense account, begun with a great deal of flourish and then broken off abruptly, several photographs—his mother, himself and two chums before the war (typical high school youngsters), a flashlight of his family around the table at home (he was the only boy), a snapshot of himself in his first uniform, very swaggering and boyish, and lastly, his sweetheart. He was so tired that he didn't care what became of him so long as he got away from the trenches. The horror of it had pursued him and was still with him. He lay on the table, eyes shut, face pinched and wrinkled like an old man's, and murmured continually—'The artillery, always the artillery; no, hand grenades—' then, suddenly opening his eyes, 'Will they give me a book to read?' I saw him again in the ward, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion, still murmuring. When he was evacuated, I went around to say good-bye. He remembered me, I think, and I hope that my being there may have reassured him somewhat in the strange and terrifying position in which he found himself. I have by now seen a good many German prisoners, and, individually, they seem quite normal, ordinary people. Why should they shoot helpless wounded men with machine guns?

"The last picture is that of an American operated yesterday. As he lay on the table, you would never have guessed how horribly he was wounded. His face was unscarred. I think he was one of the most handsome men I ever saw, with blue eyes and long waving tawny yellow hair. He was shot nearly in two in the region of the abdomen, and died on the table. They gave him an anaesthetic, of course, and the surgeon attempted a hasty operation. I remember how he took up two large gauze drains sheathed with rubber tissue, and held them a moment in his hand pondering whether he should waste them on this patient or not. The nurse discontinued the anaesthetic, wiped his face and smoothed out his hair, and we all stood there a few moments watching him as he died, quite peacefully, with only a little sob or gasp at the end, like a child dropping off to sleep after a fit of crying. I wonder what you will think when I say that the only feeling I experienced was an eager curiosity to know what he was experiencing. I felt no sorrow, and no horror. . . .

"I have just taken a piece of shrapnel as big as the end of my thumb which the surgeon pulled out from a man's leg all red and sticky, and have wrapped it in a bit of gauze to put in the man's envelope. He will find it there when he comes out of the ether. He will be immensely proud of his 'souvenir,' and will compare its size with all the others in the ward. . . ."

Once the Argonne started, there was almost no let-up. The hospital was now a great efficient machine grinding steadily along with an unfailing supply continuously pouring into its hopper. The clear tonic sunshine of autumn dimmed and thickened into the gray, misty, cheerless atmosphere of a French winter. The leaves, which by rights should have gone out in a blaze of glory, dispiritedly withered into lifeless browns, which under a bright sun



"Eyes" for blind flying!

Three new G-E contributions to the conquest of the air

LINDBERGH, flying blind much of the way, hit Ireland "on the nose" in his New York to Paris flight. Now as an aid to air navigation comes the magneto compass, a product of General Electric research, which gives pilots a navigating instrument of extraordinary accuracy and sensitiveness. Tests have proved that the average pilot can depend upon this instrument to guide him to predetermined points though hundreds of miles away.

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were of a surprising somber beauty, but the sun seldom shone. There was as yet no snow, but it rained almost continuously, a cold, drizzling, deliberate rain. The sullen roads, fields, and woods clothed themselves with heavy wraiths of mist, and the mud deepened. We plodded on from day to day, forgetting what day of the week it was, paying little attention to the weather. The nurses (who had no pathways of crushed stone) bravely faced the mud with rubber boots or spiral puttees. Fortunately, we had a fairly good wash house with hot water in the afternoons, but it was so hard to get a complete shift of clothing at one time that cooties multiplied apace. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see a colonel in the operating room, too proud or bashful to ask some one to scratch his back, and unable to do it himself because of his asepsis, furtively scraping the itching spot on an exposed timber of the wall. Yet our life at Petit Maujouy was not all one of somber toil. Even after working twelve hours, one does not feel like sleeping all the remaining twelve. We often hiked to Senoncourt, to Lemmes, to Ancemont to Verdun. We met for moments of real comfort and pleasure in the bright warmth of the Red Cross tent, or sat around a fire in our tents chatting and munching bread and jam illicitly furnished by a benevolent cook. It is probably fair to say that, in spite of the horror and suffering with which every moment of our days was surrounded, Evacuation Eight was as cheerful and unmorbid a company as any in the army. If we had not been, we could not have done such good work.

(To Be Concluded)

Die-Hard for Peace

(Continued from Page 247)

sembling so many bloody rags were carried each day out of our French and Flemish battle lines." Had MacDonald been right in his opposition to the War? At least he had been courageous. He had not pretended or lied or, as he might have done, reaped any kind of profit.

When he returned to the House of Commons in 1922 he received the reward of his years of denial and study and self-discipline. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before Kings." MacDonald was such a man. To one clear aim and desire he had subordinated all waywardnesses and temptations and alternative ambitions. He had made himself orator, writer, organizer, diplomat, Parliamentarian. He knew the countries of the world and the great people of the world. He was a scholar and a thinker. The Labor members of Parliament who had abjured, as well as those who had been true to their old leader, recognized in him their predestined and inevitable chief. He was re-elected Chairman of the Party and, every one agreeing to "let bygones be bygones," marched to the opposition benches at the head of a re-united host. A miracle was accomplished. Mr. MacDonald, as the sporting papers say, had "come back."

Afterwards "roses, roses all the way." Mr. Baldwin in one of his not infrequent aberrations "went to the country" and lost his premiership. Mr. Asquith, who held the balance of power, might have balked the hopes of the Labor Party, but Mr. Asquith was incurably fair and magnanimous. He pronounced immediately: "There must be no conspiracy against the Labor Party." Rome had spoken. The boy who had bareleggedly "rin aboot the braes," the under-paid clerk who had dreamed and hungered in a back room in a London alley, the raw young Scotsman who had agitated and tub-thumped to drab listeners at a thousand corners of drab streets, had realized a destiny denied to any other man of humble origin. As Prime Minister of Great Britain, Ramsay MacDonald swung into Downing Street; the first man in history to pass at a stride from the back benches of Parliament to the highest office in the State.

It was still "roses, roses." Having allowed Mr. MacDonald to take office Fate did not abandon him. Most conveniently for the Labor Government, M. Poincaré suffered a temporary eclipse. The bland M. Herriot succeeded. The Prime Ministers embraced. Anglo-French relationships improved. The Dawes plan followed and the French marched out of the Ruhr. The lowering skies of Europe began to brighten. French and Germans co-mingled and in many duets M. Briand and Herr Stresemann piped of peace.

At the bottom of this long awaited reconciliation, to which, of course, many factors contributed, one could feel the propelling energy of MacDonald. Wholly or partially he begot the Protocol which the French, who find mere promises "shadows, not substantial things," welcomed because of its very substantial sanctions. On the Protocol, however, Great Britain which had gone into the World War on a sanction was not unanimous and MacDonald gained nothing by his somewhat excited defense of it. And through no fault of his own, he lost much through his failure with the Russians, who were intractable and disingenuous and in other ways treated him ungratefully and vilely. When all is said he had been a potent foreign Minister. He had found Europe heaving with its hereditary feuds. He had lulled it and lessened its fever and poured upon it the balm of a peace-loving and humanitarian spirit. How skilful and deft his policy had been we are able to estimate by comparing it with the foreign policy that was to follow.

These are the main events of Mr. MacDonald's crowded, dramatic and chequered history. They indicate, however imperfectly, the pace, intensity, thoroughgoingness and fixity of the man. They indicate his probity and fidelity. From the moment of his first affiliation to the Labor movement he has given it his all. Other men have private as well as public lives. Mr. MacDonald has only had one life. The Labor movement interpenetrated his family and his family the Labor movement. In a review of his career it is impossible to say what he has done for himself and what for his Party. He has traveled everywhere for the Party. He has written many books, but always with the Party in mind. The Party and what men think of it is the foundation of his friendships and enmities. Where does he end and the party begin? In his happy married days his residence at 3, Lincoln's Inn was a Labor Party rendezvous. Here his gracious wife maintained an uninterrupted salon. Here day and evening he went on meetings of groups and committees while Mrs. MacDonald, the center of them, contrived somehow to keep a mother's eye on her children and the eye of a hostess on the preparation of an unpretentious meal of which any one who was present might partake.

The vastness of MacDonald's work for the Labor Party was rendered possible by this fusion of his interests. He cradled the Party into being, loved it, nourished it, soothed it, counselled and stimulated it, suffered it. He has explained and idealized it in a lifetime of speeches and books and pamphlets and moralizings. He has led it through dissensions and secessions and bitter controversies, through industrial tumult and civil strife, through the fury and fanaticism of wars, with unfaltering courage and confidence and skill. He has lived and sacrificed for it and nearly died for it. And when, "not once nor twice in our rough Island story" he has been misused and ill-treated by

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it, as a good father may be ill-treated by a well-meaning but perverse boy, he has not failed either in patience or in love but has hoped and waited for the return of the prodigal, only too eager to embrace and forgive and commit a phenomenally fatted calf to the knife.

A concentration so complete and unrelaxing implies exceptional nervous energy. MacDonald in early and in later age has been near to death and he does not now regard himself as in every way robust. His physical and mental adequacy is all the more remarkable. In moments of stress Mr. Lloyd George can call "nature's soft nurse" to his aid: he can sleep benignly when worlds are in dissolution. In critical circumstances MacDonald would think slumber a weakness. His vice is to essay what has never been done and to undertake the impossible. When his fate cries out he will assume any burden and accept any challenge. He will move mountains or like Atlas uprear the world.

In the General Election of 1924 he overlooked considerations of time and space, made Great Britain his constituency and, as though he fought single-handed, aimed to speak everywhere. As he fled from meeting to meeting and from crowd to crowd he directed the Foreign Office and governed the country! This conduct was folly and it caused trouble. While MacDonald was "meteorizing," sagacious Lord Haldane stationed in London to "keep the home fires burning," that is, to deal with any political emergency that should arise during the Election, was left undisturbed. An emergency of magnitude, in the shape of the notorious Zinovieff letter duly occurred, but Lord Haldane, who by training and temperament was ideally qualified to handle it, did not hear about it until it exploded in the daily press. It had been dealt with at some place, in some interlude during his nightmare rides by MacDonald and it was not, how could it be, dealt with well? The outcome was electoral disaster. But the outcome of that ill-judged campaign might have been even more serious.

There is a limit even to the stamina and exuberance of MacDonald. When the end of the fight was at hand he had reached the limit to which human nature can go and was tottering as a fighter totters who has been sorely battered and braces himself to meet a knock-out blow. His voice broken, his eye without shining, nervously overwrought, supported only by the dregs of his vitality, he was but the husks and remnant of the elate and radiant warrior who a few weeks before had leaped gallantly at the foe. Strength was slow to return to him after the electoral orgy and he was still spent when some time afterwards he visited America. That he was ill and nearly died in Philadelphia is part of the cost of his excesses in the struggle of 1924.

And now at a crucial moment in men's history MacDonald is Premier again. As the ambassador, the Plenipotentiary of Great Britain, he has sailed with all our hopes in his keeping to meet the head of the great nation that speaks the language that we speak and with whatever difference carries the same traditions of liberty in its blood. He will be worthy of the occasion, for though he has worshiped at the altar of party he has seen in party a principle not of separation but of more intimate association on a higher plane. Not all his countrymen agree with and many differ from or criticize him. At such a moment as this, however, with the destinies of mankind in the balance and so great an adventure afoot, one may "gently scan" those aspects of MacDonald which lay him open to criticism and emphasize the high and constructive virtues he brings to his great task. It is in that spirit that I have written. It is in that spirit that the City of London, the most Conservative stronghold in the land, has chosen this moment to offer the rare honor of its freedom to the Minister whose politics it loathes, but whose character and purity of motive it has learned to respect.

Poor-White Capitalists

(Continued from Page 253)

tonia points to one remedy," the Charlotte *Observer* declared, "which is in direct dealing with those who have incited to bloodshed. It is the prompt rounding-up of the gang and its deportation."

Combining these editorials with a skilful handling of their news stories, the local papers created one impression: that the thirteen men and three women were guilty of a bloody crime. The people of these counties, workers and white-collared men alike, are highly unsophisticated in their reading of newspapers. Their reports are accepted as the God-inspired truth. This was clearly evident in the examination of jurors at Charlotte.

The local papers handled the trial in a highly unfair spirit. They overwrote the most insignificant bits of evidence against the defendants. Their lofty headlines were twisted far from the content of their stories. I do not know that this was maliciously done. A managing editor of one of the Charlotte papers was called for jury service. Supposing that he had formed opinions about the trial, Judge Barnhill suggested that he should be excused with the consent of both counsels.

"I have not taken sides in the matter," the editor declared. He was probably right. To him there was only one side: the men and women were guilty and should be sent to prison or removed from the state. That his latter thought was put into action by the working class rather than the other citizens of the community, is typical of the South. The gentry has never soiled their hands with Negro blood. They were always in their parlors on the nights of lynchings. They know that the poor-white is a capitalist.

Lunatics of the Air

(Continued from Page 275)

Then may we look to the heavens, and wonder, as now we wonder at the highways. Prediction is bitterly handicapped; so many anticipated "turning" developments are still in the experimental stage. But enough of them are sufficiently advanced to provide food for the cogitative mind.

In Chicago—whence one might expect such things—a woman sues a pilot for divorce, charging that his occupation gives him a peculiar privilege of soaring with other women in the clouds. A pilot is arresting for rum-running. The Prince of Wales buys his own plane. Harry Guggenheim, aviation's financial angel, is appointed Ambassador to Cuba. Grover Whalen is experimenting with a patrol of sky raiders. One of the President's sons associates himself as a radio expert with a transport firm.

Airplane builders and designers are the new prophets, and they are not without honor in their own land. Already we hear talk of remodeling cities and towns to adjust them to the requirements of flight. The smallest city has, within its Chamber of Commerce, a department boosting aviation. Fathers are now urging sons to select this field as a career. Colleges are setting up comprehensive departments for aeronautics.

The world does move. In the skies a new and potent influence is shaping itself. Whither it shall lead us is beyond prediction. But it is bound to cast many bewildering shadows upon the earth. We shall gain much—and may lose more.

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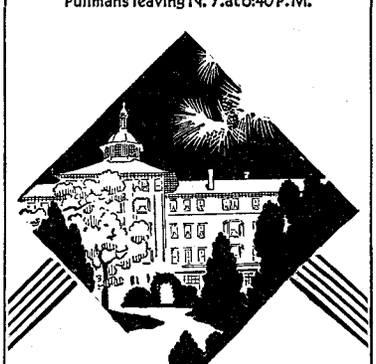

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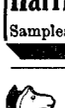

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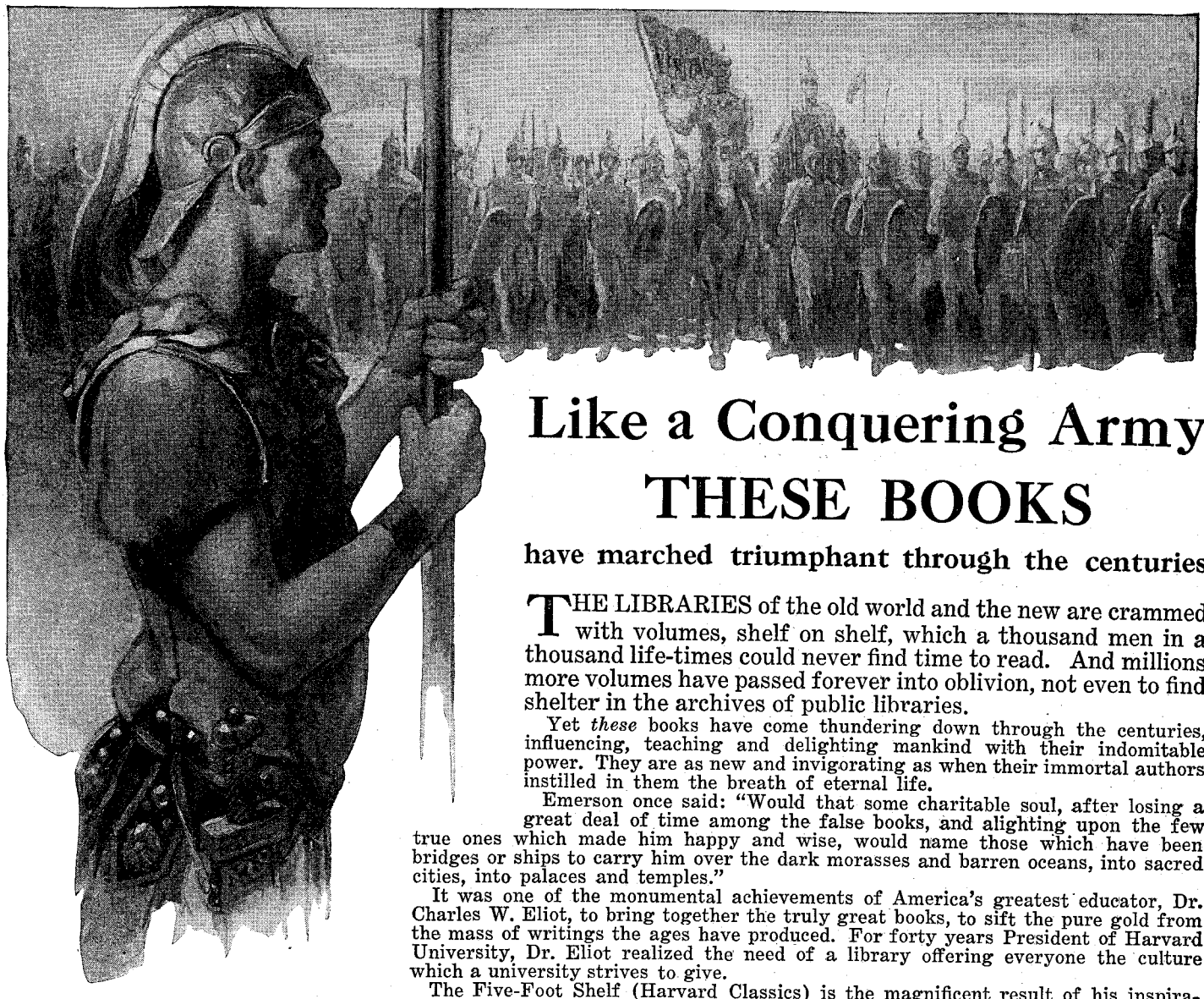

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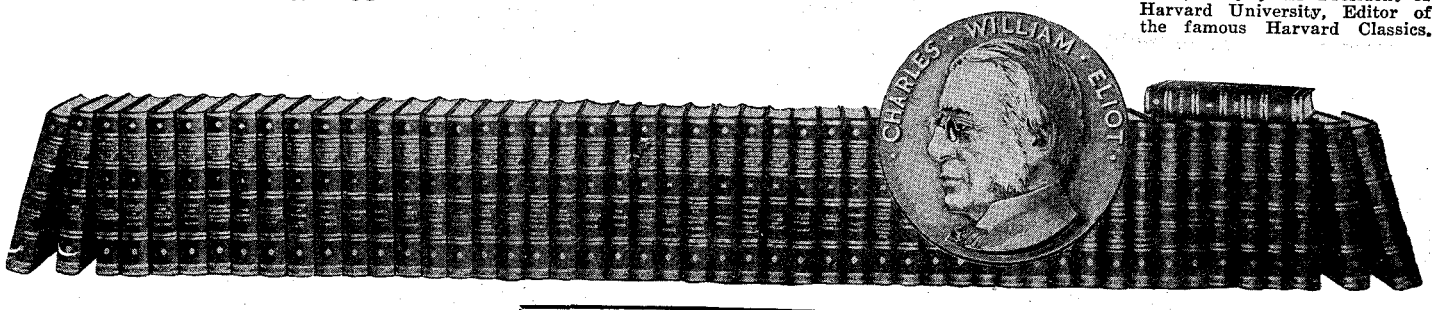

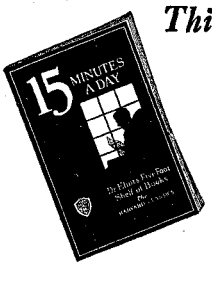

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With Our Readers

Bachelor on "The Honeymoon"

To The Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I derived oodles of innocent merriment from Dr. Salvemini's article on "Duce vs. Pope." What *does* he want Italy to do? Ten or more debates and public discussions with Salvemini on the subject of Fascism had shown me that he thought Italy was going to the dogs because of the recent lovemaking between Peter and Caesar; now he finds her headed toward the same kennel because "the honeymoon is over."

Poor Italy is thus doomed until she is "tired of obeying the Pope;" the learned historian of the Church is now awaiting no less an event than the conversion of psychologically Catholic Italy into the creed and the organization of the Shakers or the Dunkards—or should the Italians join the Church of England, swapping their Wicked Pope for the Bishop of Gibraltar? Ye Gods!

The trouble is that Dr. Salvemini, like the proverbial Irishman of old, stands simply "agin the Governmint," irrespective of what it does. Whatever his academic achievements, Dr. Salvemini's entire political career has been a consistently negative one. No wonder he found himself so ill at ease in a constructive land that he preferred to flee (in disguise) to countries which refuse admission to bonafide Italian emigrants but do not bother with such bagatelles as passports and visas when somebody appears at the frontier shouting "*Down with Mussolini!*"

So the "honeymoon" between the Grand Young Man of Italy and the Pontiff is over. As if any serious observer of Italian affairs had expected it to go on forever! Honeymoons seldom do, Dr. Salvemini—if a bachelor may suggest such truisms to people far more versed in such matters than he is. And there is a vast difference between an original honeymoon and a rapprochement between ancient lovers, such as Italy and the Church have been for the last nineteen centuries. (True, once she ran away, but stayed only seventy years far from his bed and board.) If similes *must* be resorted to, I would forget the honeymoon and describe the rapprochement as the coming together of a battle-scarred old couple for the settlement of a joint estate. They simply could not do it from a distance; and propinquity is bound to whisper the old tune in such contingencies, softening hearts, recalling memories . . .

What was the estate to be settled? Not only the actual political territory of the "Patrimony of Saint Peter," but a tremendous quantity of buildings, forests, farms taken over by Italy sixty years ago without the consent of the sufferers; to mention only an example, all barracks and schools in Italy, with trifling exceptions, belonged to monasteries, religious congregations, etc. And the paltry sum by which Italy has bought the papal release from any claim to its confiscated property (a sum in cold cash, however, such as no "liberal" or "red" government would have been able to find in an Italy hitherto at the mercy of her *fourteen* political parties) is but a fraction of the sufferer's old claim; just as the new political entity styled Vatican City with its 500 citizens and its territory one-sixth the size of New York's Central Park is but a shadow of the former Papal States. It was a wise, timely, mutually advantageous agreement; and when last summer I saw Pius XI emerge at sunset from the Mother Church of Christendom, winding up—a puny white speck in the wondrous square—the procession of thousands of his religious, civil, military subjects that had crawled for two hours under the *continuous petrified canopy* which Bernini's double colonnade provided for just such events, I felt a sense of relief outweighing by far (God forgive me!) every other sentiment and consideration.

The old feud which had prevented Italian flags from entering Italian churches throughout the period of my youth, and had compelled many an Italian cardinal when he became Pope, to tell four hundred million Catholics that his own country was a thief—it was all over, and in the new peace there were no victors and no vanquished.

Even the few Protestants of Italy, on whom the anti-Fascists wasted at first so many crocodile tears, are better off now, as was unequivocally stated to me by an old Waldensian friend, Dr. Enrico Sartorio, long a pastor in Cambridge, Mass., and now a resident of Rome: "We don't want the sympathy of our misled co-religionists abroad. Until this year we non-Catholics were only 'tolerated' under the Italian laws; now we are 'recognized'."

And now one brief tactful glance into the future. During the "honeymoon" the bridegroom may have promised a bit too much to the bride; such things happen, especially under southern skies. He is bound to remind her, he has already reminded her, that he was too rash; he still loves her, but won't she be reasonable? And she is bound to object, she has already objected but she loves him too, and for the sake of their forty million children they must stick together.

Surely a new *modus vivendi* will be found: the resourcefulness of the church is inexhaustible, and Mussolini may be rigid at home but he is internationally pliant. Granted that they may disagree on boys' clubs and high-school philosophy, can't Dr. Salvemini see that after the Pope once announced *urbi et orbi* that the tiny Vatican City is all the territory he needs and that two billion lire settles his claim to confiscated Church property, he cannot possibly say that if Fascist instructors are to train the Balillas he needs another billion lire as heart balm, and if St. Thomas Aquinas is to share honors with Kant or Leibnitz he finds that after all the Vatican is too small a palace from which to administer Church affairs, so won't Mussolini give him also the Pantheon and the Monument to Victor Emmanuel?

Gioacchino Volpe may or may not be right in that article quoted from the February *Gerarchia* wherein he criticizes one of the many situations created by the rapprochement. What of it? That protest can hardly prove that Italy is "the tragicomedy" which Dr. Salvemini thinks from distant reports, she has become since he left her; but it certainly *does* prove that she is not the land where you may not even whisper constructive criticism of the government—for it is known *lippis et tonsoribus* that *Gerarchia* is the ultra-loyal magazine created and kept alive by Margherita Sarfatti, that most dynamic friend of the regime and of its Duce. Well wishers of Italy are allowed to offer any number of definite suggestions especially if their attitude during the crucial days of the war showed the mettle of their patriotism. As to those who at that time stiffened the backs of her open or concealed enemies, if they intend to remain the consistent and persistent opponents of that systematic upbuilding of Italy which rests on her sons' willing obedience to a hard-working hierarchy, it is not to be wondered at that Italy has no use for their criticism, and they are welcome to sell it abroad for the highest figure it can fetch.

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